

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 2.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.

NO. 14.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:29 A. M. Daily.	
9:15 A. M. Daily.	
12:49 P. M. Daily.	
2:47 P. M. Daily.	
4:19 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	
SOUTH.	
7:20 A. M. Daily.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
5:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

## TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every forty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
9:20	9:35
10:00	10:15
10:40	10:55
11:20	11:35
12:00	12:15
12:40	12:55
1:20	1:35
2:00	2:15
2:40	2:55
3:20	3:35
4:00	4:15
4:40	4:55
5:20	5:35
6:00	6:15

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

## TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abatoir, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m.

## MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North.....	9:00	3:30
South.....	10:00	6:45

## MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5 South.....	8:30 a. m.
No. 14 North.....	9:30 a. m.
No. 13 South.....	2:30 p. m.
No. 6 North.....	6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday, in Grace Church, Morning Services at 11 a. m. two Sundays in each month, and Evening Services at 7:30 p. m. two Sundays in each month, alternating. See local column. Sunday School at 3:15 p. m. Regular Choir practice every Friday evening at 7:45 p. m.

## MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.....	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.....	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.....	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker.....	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.....	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston.....	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy.....	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.....	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.....	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.....	Redwood City

## ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following list of letters remained unclaimed at the Postoffice, Baden, Cal., February 1, 1897:

Mark Sutla, W. L. Whelan.  
E. E. Cunningham, P. M.

Captain J. T. Parkinson died recently in Boulder, Montana. He crossed the plains between Colorado, California and Montana fourteen times, the first time in 1852. He steamedboat on the Mississippi south from St. Louis, and was one of the company who laid out the townsite of Denver. He came to Montana in 1863, and engaged in merchandising and mining up to the time of his death.

For the redemption of bonds and in payment of bond interest, San Diego disbursed \$49,158 during 1896. The annual report of the City Auditor shows also that the total receipts of the city for the year were \$193,354.99, of which amount \$148,970.10 was from the tax levy. Licenses contributed \$31,091.44 to the support of the city.

The City Trustees of Riverside have inaugurated a plan for furnishing work for the unemployed. They instructed the City Marshal to open in his office a list of those out of work, which shall at all times be open for inspection by those wanting help. It will cost nothing to register.

The correspondent of the London Times at Teheran, capital of Persia, telegraphs that a dispatch has been received from Bushire stating that 1400 bodies of victims of the recent earthquake on the island of Kishm in the Persian Gulf have been recovered.

The British steamer Mimcap collided with and sunk the British steamer Liberty in the river Tyne recently. No lives were lost.

## PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

### Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

### ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Summary of Late Events That Are Boiled Down to Suit our Busy Readers.

The Farmers' Institute in Oroville will meet early in February.

Arizona last year mined 6,000,000 ounces of gold and 2,000,000 ounces of silver.

The Bank of Santa Monica has just declared another handsome semi-annual dividend.

Flood waters have made an inland sea of the region between Peoria and Glendale, A. T.

The Woman's Parliament of Southern California will convene at Riverside early in February.

The San Francisco Senators have decided to report favorably the 2 1/2-cent street railroad fare bill.

A horticultural club has been organized at Elsinore as a result of the farmers' institute recently held there.

The Orange County Poultry Association has passed a resolution that poultry of all kinds should be sold by weight.

The Christian Endeavorers of Southern California are trying to get a carload of navel oranges to be sold for the Armenian relief fund.

The ordinance prohibiting expectation on sidewalks, in public buildings and vehicles has become a law in San Diego, Mayor Carlson having affixed his signature to the ordinance.

The Miners' Association will present to the Legislature an amendment to the mechanics' lien law that it is believed will be of greater protection to miners and mine laborers.

A report has been received at Redwood that four persons have been drowned in the creek about eight miles from that city, near one of the oyster houses belonging to the Morgan Oyster Company.

N. Borwick, a rich English manufacturer, who owned the largest amount of stock in the Golden Feather mine and the Banner quartz mine, died recently in Oroville. The body will be shipped to England for burial.

Deep development mining is meeting gratifying results in Amador county. At the Oneida mine the shaft has reached a depth of 650 feet, and the longest steam hoisting works in the State have been erected.

P. A. Lofgreen, of St. David, in Cochine county, A. T., has struck oil on his place while drilling for artesian water. The drill encountered the oil at a depth of 290 feet. It is of a dark, yellowish color, about the consistency of sorghum molasses, and burns readily when ignited, and while burning has the unmistakable odor of coal oil.

The Alameda Sugar Company's mill at Alvarado has finished the season's run after being in operation for exactly five months to a day. The season has been very prosperous, about 300 tons being sliced every twenty-four hours. Work will soon commence enlarging the mill and increasing its capacity to a thousand tons every twenty-four hours.

The Watsonville sugar factory closed its season's run, it being the most successful in its history. The factory ran 166 days, crushed 163,791 1/2 tons of beets, for which \$655,166 was paid to the growers. The average cost for help was \$500 a day, making a total of \$83,000, or \$738,166 for beets and labor. This is exclusive of wood, oil and other incidentals used in large quantities.

The Santa Cruz County Insurance Association has practically gone to pieces and a merry rate war is on among the agents. A short time ago the local board decided that its members should maintain tariff rates, regardless of the action of the German-American and Fireman's Fund companies, which had announced a heavy reduction. But the declaration was not sufficient, and the war is decidedly "on."

The indications are that a beet sugar factory with a capacity equal to the one at Chino will soon be constructed on the Cerritos, in the neighborhood of Bixby Station, and not far from the town of Long Beach, in Los Angeles county. The locality selected is said to be well adapted to the production of a splendid beet rich in saccharine matter. Reports from the agents in New York regarding the placing of bonds for the enterprise are reassuring, and it is expected that work on the factory will soon begin.

A deal has been closed in San Diego which, though surrounded with the greatest secrecy, has become known sufficiently to reveal that it is of the greatest importance to that city, foreshadowing the construction of a railroad from Salt Lake, presumably by the Vanderbilt interests to afford an outlet

for the Union Pacific. As several steamship men are connected with the deal, the belief is expressed that transpacific steamship connection is contemplated by the railroad promoters, but this is nothing more than supposition. The deal was planned by C. A. Guscom, Jr., of New York.

The subject of dividing Monterey county, which was broached some time ago and had quieted down, is being again agitated and on a very firm basis. It is believed that the combined efforts of Monterey and Pacific Grove, together with the residents down the coast, will eventually result in Monterey county being divided. It is proposed to form a new county out of the present Fifth Supervisorial District. At a mass meeting in that city a few nights ago the advocates of the project showed by facts and figures that by the consolidation of some of the county officers the government of the county could be carried on with less taxation than is now being paid. Monterey would be the county seat and old Colton Hall is to be repaired and used for a Courthouse.

Edward P. Rambo of San Francisco, has purchased 120 acres of land at Point Loma for park purposes. In connection with C. A. Griscom, Jr., of New York, Mr. Rambo has been here for two weeks in the interest of a score of New York capitalists, who will themselves come February 10 for the purpose of laying the cornerstone of a magnificent stone clubhouse to be erected on the tract purchased by Rambo, to cost \$50,000. The grounds are to be laid out in parks, with boulevards, walks and landscape gardens, and observatories, clubhouses and stables are to be erected and a racecourse constructed. The work of grading and surveying the tract has begun. Next week the building of a frame clubhouse, 120x200 feet, to cost \$12,000, will begin. It is intended to spend upward of \$150,000 in the improvements, making this one of the finest private parks in America.

The arrangement made by the transcontinental roads for a division of the Christian Endeavor business going to the San Francisco convention, is not satisfactory to the officials of the society who have charge of the convention, because it spoils their opportunity to get many special favors and concessions from the roads for themselves. In former conventions it is said much of the expense of the society and officers individually has been borne by the roads being played against each other. It has been reported in Chicago that those in charge of the convention arrangements had notified the roads there was a strong probability of the gathering being removed to Philadelphia. The railroad officials say the overland rate made is too low to allow of further favors being granted.

A Los Angeles man has secured a rich concession from the Mexican Government in the contract that has just been awarded to C. C. Merrill. He has secured a three-million-dollar contract to construct a sewer system for the City of Mexico and to manufacture the pipe. The work will take eight years to complete. Mr. Merrill by the concession is obliged to manufacture all the pipe and other articles needed in Mexico, and is now in St. Louis buying machinery for the factory he is to build. His plant is to cost \$450,000, and is to be capable of making all sizes of pipe. The system is to include the entire city, and is to connect with an outfall sewer already constructed, which is sixty miles long.

### The Pomelo.

The varieties of Pomelo well spoken of are Marsh's Seedless, the Leonardy and the Walters. The two first mentioned will lead all others on account of their fine flavor. The Seedless is not entirely free from seeds, but nearly so. The Leonardy has quite a thin rind and is of excellent flavor. The Walters is also a fine fruit, but grows rather large for commercial purposes. The Seedless and Leonardy are of medium size and better for retailing, running about 60 to the box, while the Walters runs about 40 to 45 to the box. Regarding the pomelo, C. B. Hewitt, of Pasadena, says: We believe this fruit is the coming citrus fruit for profitable planting with the California grower who has suitable land.

It is not a fad any more than is the bicycle. It has come to stay. Its healthful and invigorating qualities will give it a place of its own on the best tables of the land, and to my mind the market for many years will demand all that can be produced, and the constantly growing demand as the fruit becomes more widely known, will insure prices much beyond those paid for oranges, and the early and heavy bearing qualities of the tree will add to its profitability.

### Measles Among Indian Children.

Carlisle, Pa.—Between forty and fifty cases of measles are reported among the Indian boys and girls at the United States training school here. It is thought that the outbreak in the institution will necessitate the postponement of the graduating exercises from February to March.

The North Cucamonga Vineyard Company proposes to set out 640 acres of wine grapes this season on its ranch near Hermosa.

## TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

### Condensed Telegraphic Reports of Late Events.

### BRIEF SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

Budget of News For Easy Digestion—All Parts of the Country Represented—Interesting Items.

The Fall River (Mass.) Mills have decided to curtail their output about 60,000 pieces a week for the next three months by shutting down two days each week.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani of the Hawaiian Islands, has paid a personal visit to President Cleveland. It was entirely informal and nothing was said about restoration.

The Dodson-Hills Manufacturing Company of St. Louis has filed a chattel mortgage for \$87,000 to secure creditors, and the firm is in the hands of George W. Mercer, trustee.

A ledge of free-milling quartz has been discovered near Elliston, Mont., that assays 700 to the ton. One pan of dirt taken from the surface where the ledge was uncovered washed \$14.

Almost an entire block of business houses on Water street, the principal business thoroughfare of Sandusky, Ohio, has been destroyed by fire. The losses will aggregate more than \$250,000.

The fight between Generals Prince and Guest for the Brigadier-Generalship of the Iowa National Guard has been reopened by the act of General Guest in appointing a full list of staff officers.

Governor Mount of Indiana has signed a bill directing the Vandalia Railroad to make an accounting as to its alleged debt of about \$1,000,000 to the State school fund under an old charter.

A decision handed down by Judge Cox of the United States Circuit Court, restores to the Union Pacific Railroad Company securities worth \$123,000, which have been tied up ever since the failure of Field, Lindley, Wiechers & Co., New York, in 1891.

Notice has been given to the employees of the Illinois Steel Company, Milwaukee, Wis., that all the mills, with the exception of the Merchants' and the Puddle Mills, the latter of which has been closed for the past two weeks, will close. This will throw about 600 men out of employment.

The Senate bill to remove doubts concerning the jurisdiction of District Judges has been passed. It provides that a District Judge shall have all the powers of a Circuit Judge within his own district, and also within any district in which he shall be designated to hold court during the time limited by such designation.

A number of prominent colored people of Chicago and also of the State (Illinois) organized "The Civic League of the State of Illinois." The object of the league is to get the moral support of the North to enable the league to educate its kindred in the South and to endeavor to get trades unions to raise the bar they have placed against the admission of colored men.

The High Court of Pictoria has decided in favor of the American engineer. R. E. Brown, who sued the Government for a declaration of rights at his favor respecting certain claims in Witfontain, or, in default, demanding the payment of £1,000,000. The suit arose from the Government proclaiming Witfontain to be open for gold mining on a certain day, whereupon Mr. Brown pegged out large blocks of claims. But, in the meantime, the Government withdrew the proclamation and afterward proclaimed Witfontain under the lottery law.

President Cleveland has issued a proclamation placing all quarantine matters at the port of San Francisco under the charge of the National Government. This is the direct result of the conflict which raged between the State and national authorities, and is the outcome of Dr. Chalmers' exercise of authority as to State control of the quarantine service. One result of the change in the administration of quarantine regulations will be that the National Marine Hospital Service will have closer surveillance of epidemics than before, which is now especially necessary, as the prevalence of the bubonic plague in India has caused extra precautions at Atlantic ports.

A decidedly stringent anti-football bill has been introduced in the lower house of the Legislature, Nebraska, by Speaker John Gaffin, by which reporters for newspapers and even spectators are made liable. The bill in substance provides that any person engaging as a participant in a football game shall, upon conviction, be fined a sum not less than \$25 or more than \$100, or imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months, or both. Further, if anyone is concerned as backer, umpire, assistant, reporter or lookout he is liable to a fine of from \$5 to \$25. Another clause in the bill enables the proper authorities to place persons under bond to keep the peace who shall be caught training for a football game.

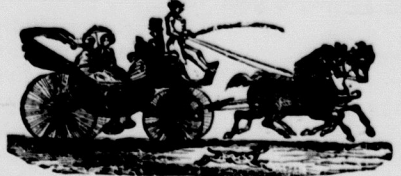
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(Casserley's Seven-Mile House.)

**SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.**

Commissions executed on all events on the Eastern and Western Race Tracks by direct telegraphic communication.

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**GEORGE KNEESE**

Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

**BAKERY.**

Choice Canned Goods.

Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than City prices.

My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

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**CROCKERY,**  
**MEN'S CLOTHING**  
**ETC., ETC., ETC.**

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Corner Grand and .....



THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.  
Editor and Proprietor.

The St. Louis Star says: "Our policemen are awake now." Who is "treating?"

If Cecil Rhodes coined the phrase "unctuous rectitude," as reported, he ought to be made to practice it.

In many respects Russia is a very tyrannical country. A Russian is not permitted to marry more than five times.

The popular mourning over William Waldorf Astor's abandonment of the United States has not cast a gloom over this country more than two inches thick.

Since her elopement with a strolling fiddler the Princess Chimay has been materially elevated in the social scale, until now she has been offered a position in a music hall.

The international peace association holds that "it is always better to arbitrate than to fight." Apparently the association has won two notable converts in Colonel Corbett and Colonel Fitzsimmons.

Charles Bramlett, of Cynthia, Ky., has left orders that after his death his body is to be soaked in bourbon whiskey. The average Kentuckian doesn't see any necessity for waiting for death before doing that.

If a quartette of uncouth and untrained country girls can invade the Chicago theatrical field and make more money than many experienced and talented artists, it is pretty apparent that the greenhorns are not behind the footlights.

The Eufaula, Ala., Headlight says editorially: "Guess who is in love with Miss Little? G. W. B. says that M. E. P. is her sweetheart. Look out, J. W. F." In the meantime it may not be amiss for the editor of the Headlight to "look out," also.

A nursery, with toys and a nurse, is to be added to a limited express train on the Pennsylvania road, so that the little ones may travel in comfort and pay full fare. In time we may all live on railroad trains and keep house—perhaps as cheaply as it can be done anywhere else.

Chicago Chronicle: After the recent Indiana mine disaster we are told that the "mine inspector hurried to the scene." If he had hurried to the scene when the mine was first of all opened and compelled the owners to put in an air shaft the miners would now be alive.

A Frenchman says he has invented a paper which will destroy the lead pencil industry. He explains that a poet can write on his prepared paper with any sharp instrument, "after which the paper may be used to polish metals." This is better; even the much-abused amateur poet, it appears, may have some praiseworthy use after all.

There has been a good deal of criticism since Du Maurier's death concerning the lack of art in his work, but the fact remains that with him disappeared the only reason why Americans ever tolerated the London Punch. The pictures which are now taking the place of his skits on society in that publication have no claim whatever on art, and as humor are very poor stuff.

Let us never forget that though the world owes no man a living, it does owe to every man full freedom to make a living, provided only that he does not make it at the expense of others; and let us be much more sensitive than we are to the fact that this is a debt which the world persistently neglects to pay. If we were more sensitive to that violated obligation, we should have less occasion for concern about charity organization.

Occasionally one still sees evidences of World's Fair rancor on the part of the New York press. The Brooklyn Eagle ruffled its feathers the other day and said "Nobody could see the gaping rustics in Chicago and Atlanta without realizing that they were getting out of the fairs a stock of agreeable impressions and memories that would last them for the rest of their lives. As a stimulus and a lesson the coming fair in Nashville should be as effective as its predecessors." "Gaping rustics" is good.

A single type dropped from one of the forms of the Pittsburgh Leader the other day, and its loss cost the paper \$405. It appears that a Pittsburgh concern had advertised in that edition of the Leader a special sale of ladies' wrappers at 98 cents each. In handling the form the figure 9 dropped out. Its loss was not noticed until next morning, when the store was besieged by ladies wanting to buy wrappers at 8 cents, as advertised. The firm stood by its guns until the last wrapper was sold. Then it sent in a bill for \$405 to the Leader, this sum representing the difference between 8 cents and 98 cents on each wrapper sold. The Leader paid the bill without protest. In view of the responsibilities which newspapers are obliged to assume it cannot reasonably be claimed that advertising rates are too high.

Mrs. Mutsu Hito, the gracious Empress of Japan, belongs to the bas bleu, her special talent being, it is said, in

the domain of national literature, what-ever that may be. She sometimes dabbles in poetry and her flights on a gently ambling Pegasus are said to be very pleasing and devoid of excitement. Not long since she graciously condescended to allow some selections from her dairy made public which created a furore in Japan by reason of the classical style of the composition and also on account of the noble sentiments expressed by her majesty.

The peculiarities of the paper used in making Bank of England notes is the despair of counterfeiters and it is very seldom that they succeed in imitating it with any degree of success. The paper is thicker in the upper left hand corner to enable it to retain a brighter impression of the vignette there and it is also thicker in the dark shadows of the letters in the center and beneath the figures at the ends of the notes. Counterfeiters have not been able to cope with this difficulty and in the best imitations of the notes the paper has always been of the same thickness throughout.

In the year 1896 131 lynchings occurred in this country, only two years since and including 1885 showing a smaller number. Those years were 1887, when 122 persons were lynched, and 1890, with 127. In 1892 the number was 235 and in 1893 it was 200. Of those whose lives were taken by mob violence last year eighty were negroes and fifty-one whites; 122 lynchings occurred in the South and nine in the North. The decrease in this form of unlawful killing is agreeable, but there is still room for improvement. It is no more than fair to the State of Kentucky to say that the general impression that she heads 'the list in this awful form of lawbreaking is incorrect. Louisiana stands first with twenty-five cases, Alabama next with fifteen, Tennessee third with fourteen, and Florida with ten, while Kentucky and Georgia have each nine to their discredit.

An oatmeal trust has been organized for the purpose of squeezing an illicit profit out of the consumers of oatmeal. Prices have been advanced a dollar a barrel. There was such a trust several years ago, which made at the outset a good deal of money. But when men of a speculative turn of mind discovered what the profits of the trust were they began building oatmeal mills. It did not require a heavy investment to put one in operation. Then the trust would offer to take them in and guarantee them a profit, or buy them out. In either case the mills were closed, there being enough to supply all demands. As the trust increased its expenses it put up prices. Finally it got so loaded down that it went to smash and prices fell to a normal point. Any new oatmeal trust will come to grief in the long run as the old one did, but before that comes to pass it will have robbed consumers of a good deal of money. Therefore the hand of the law ought to be laid on this trust at once.

Sig. Racini is a living although incarcerated example of the melancholy fact that a man can be too much of a genius for his own peace of mind. Racini is a popular baritone of Venezuela, and scored such a hit in the opera "Ernani" at Caracas that the audience insisted on an encore of a certain aria. The baritone pleaded that he was too tired to respond and refused to come out, and the announcement appears to have precipitated something like a riot. The police were called in, Racini was arrested, the audience was given its money back, and the opera came to an abrupt termination. This is a "Venezuela incident" of an entirely royal character. An audience that appreciates so little the amenities of life as to try to force a tired artist to respond to an encore seems to be unworthy of the beneficent protection of the Monroe doctrine. These people should not be provided with artists, but phonographs. What they want is quantity and plenty of it, and no baritone who knows how to sing should risk appearing in Caracas unless under Marquis of Queensbury rules, strictly observed. Sig. Racini in the meantime will be able to ponder over his fatal gift of song and the fatal gift of persistence possessed by his auditors. When he gets out of jail he should insist on the presence of a Board of Arbitration before venturing again on the stage.

Stephen Crane, the young author who had embarked on the ill-fated Commodore to find new inspiration for his pen in Cuba, has found what he was after. In fact, it met him half way—with a vengeance. And incidentally Mr. Crane has silenced the critics who said he did not know what he was talking about when he wrote the "Red Badge of Courage." The plucky style in which he carried himself during the disaster speaks well for the young man's nerve. He evidently kept cool and noted down "the color of this incident." Amid the frantic panic of the Cubans and the stampede of the sailors he, with the Captain and the others, staid with the vessel until it went down in the angry breakers. They were four brave men, though only one of them could name the exact color of his sensations. One died on reaching the shore, and the other three were cast upon the beach more dead than alive. Mr. Crane will now have a new source of inspiration. He will have to exercise his vivid imagination with all his might to invent anything more thrilling than the realities of what he witnessed. If he could describe a battle scene so vividly without ever having smelled gunpowder, what may we not expect him to do now in his portrayal of shipwreck? Rudyard Kipling and Clark Russell will have to look to their laurels.

RELIGIOUS COLUMN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ALL DENOMINATIONS.

Neat Rebuke Administered by a Clergyman at a Banquet—Statistics of Methodism—Good Manners as Necessary as a Good Heart.

**Foul Tongue.**  
A POLITICIAN of considerable reputation, but of low instincts, was seated between two clergymen one night at a public dinner. Not content with making his two neighbors somewhat uncomfortable while the courses were served, he continued to ridicule them when he was called upon for a speech.

One of the clergymen had spoken eloquently and humorously. The politician followed him with offensive railery, beginning with an appeal for sympathy because he had been sandwiched between two sanctimonious sinners, and ending by telling several obscene stories about ministers.

There were muffled murmurs of disapproval when the politician sat down, but most of the guests relished his vulgar jests, and laughed thoughtlessly and immoderately at the ministers on either side of him.

There was a hush of expectation when the chairman called upon the second clergyman, a well-known public orator, for a speech in defense of his cloth.

The clergyman rose with quiet dignity, but with signs of indignation in his usually genial face.

"The speech to which we have just listened," he remarked, "I would describe as a bit of foul tongue sandwiched between two clean pieces of bread."

Then he took his seat abruptly. A moment afterward he said "Good night!" to the other clergyman and strode out of the room.

The politician's face flushed, and those who had been laughing at his rude jests and tainted stories looked as if they were ashamed of themselves. An awkward pause was filled with a rambling, ineffective speech. Then the company with one consent broke up.

The dash of mustard on one of the clean pieces of bread left a pungent taste in every one's mouth. The politician was taught a lesson, and was evidently disturbed by it. The other guests received a wholesome rebuke for applauding offensive personalities, obscenity and foul talk about religion.

After-dinner speaking is one of the social arts in which judgment and good taste are indispensable. Sarcasm, wit and pleasantry are unfailing resources of entertainment for those who sit at table at public dinners, and the facility with which a laugh can be raised offers temptations too often irresistible for refinement and sensibility.

An after-dinner speaker greatly in demand for public occasions in New York was once asked how he contrived to amuse his audiences without ever introducing anything vulgar or degrading.

"I have a very simple rule," he replied. "Not infrequently when I speak I try to imagine that my good old mother, now gone to her rest, but in her time a woman full of fun and spirits, is listening to me. I could not say anything that would bring a blush to her dear face."—Youth's Companion.

**Chicago Has Most Methodists.**  
Chicago has more Methodists and Methodist churches than any other city in the United States. Philadelphia is the only city which has a larger attendance in the Methodist churches at the Sunday services. But the Methodist Sunday schools of Chicago have the largest attendance.

These assertions are based on reports received by the Northwestern Christian Advocate from 417 out of 590 churches in thirteen of the principal cities of the Union. The reported attendance at the morning and evening church services and Sunday school is shown in the following table:

	Morn.	Eve.	S. S.
Philadelphia	17,107	22,286	21,423
Chicago	16,234	20,643	21,748
New York	8,835	11,307	13,419
Brooklyn	7,310	11,101	12,743
Boston	5,582	7,896	5,922
Washington	5,084	7,085	4,275
Detroit	4,574	5,249	4,250
Indianapolis	3,901	4,361	3,698
Cincinnati	3,407	4,002	4,443
Minneapolis	3,570	3,834	3,353
St. Louis	3,013	3,283	2,816
Des Moines	2,052	2,163	1,836
St. Paul	1,990	1,497	1,703

The attendance at Sunday school was larger than at the largest church service in forty-eight schools in Chicago, thirty-three in New York, thirty-seven in Philadelphia, twenty-four in Brooklyn, two in Washington, five in Boston, fourteen in Cincinnati, ten in Indianapolis, eleven in Minneapolis, five in St. Paul, three in Des Moines, six in St. Louis, nine in Detroit.

one service on one of the two specified Sundays:

Ashbury, C. A. Kelly	209
Ashland Boulevard, W. W. Diehl	282
Auburn Park, T. R. Strobbridge	232
Centenary, A. C. Hirst	1,600
First Englewood, P. H. Swift	775
First Norwegian, C. Feider	240
First Swedish, J. O. Wilson	320
Forty-seventh Street, I. Lindegar	275
Fowler, Milton M. Bales	209
Garfield Boulevard, C. A. Bunker	369
Grace, W. A. Phillips	338
Halsted Street Mission, D. J. Holmes	850
Hamlin Avenue, C. Abel	215
Humboldt Park Swedish, P. M. Alfvn	265
Hyde Park, A. W. Patten	350
Lake View Swedish, A. J. Anderson	210
Lincoln Street, A. E. Saunders	238
Loomis Street, T. K. Gale	487
Metropolitan, D. M. Farson	364
Moreland First, P. S. Lent	200
Oakland, W. O. Shepard	807
Park Avenue, J. M. Caldwell	258
Paulina Street, O. E. Murray	250
Ravenswood, W. E. Throe	425
St. James, Robert McIntyre	1,209
St. Paul's, W. B. Leach	479
Second Swedish, William Swenson	250
Sheffield Avenue, H. R. Calkins	290
South Chicago Swedish, I. Anderson	400
South Chicago First, Ray C. Barker	220
South Park Avenue, H. W. Bolton	461
Third Swedish, M. L. Wickman	230
Trinity, Frank Crane	250
Wesley, Abel M. White	475
Western Avenue, R. S. Martin	928
Wicker Park, W. H. Holmes	214

In the above table the figures given for Trinity Church are below the average. Dr. Crane was ill at the time the census was taken.

The largest attendance reported by any church in the country at a single service on one of the two specified Sundays was 2,500, at the People's Temple, Boston, of which Rev. J. B. Brady is pastor.

Commenting upon the result of its census, the Advocate says:

"Some of the figures relating to Chicago will surprise and gratify many readers. This city has a singular reputation abroad, in part because itself is singular, but greatly through the spirit of criticism and railery which in time has colored men's impressions. Chicago's church-going record is not creditable. It cannot be said that New York City has 'moved into the country,' thus leaving room for a fallacious showing about the city proper. We have omitted from Chicago's showing also the churches which have moved into the country. Philadelphia's figures alone exceed Chicago's, while the numbers of young people in Sunday schools are singularly equal in the two cities."

Tact and Taste.

Growing boys and girls who have arrived at a particularly conscious age often complain that companions of theirs are better liked than themselves, although they know in their heart of hearts that these other boys and girls are not as really deserving—that is, are not possessed of as many virtues as they themselves constantly practice. Now is the time for such young people to learn that to be sought after one must have good manners as well as a good heart; taste and tact as well as virtue. You may think this is rather hard, but stop a moment to consider: Why don't you choose that girl for a friend? She tells the truth and is very unselfish. But you remember that she is also fond of reminding you if your hat is crooked or your gown is unbecoming. You don't care for her society, although she is "a good girl." Then there is that boy—he is generous and obliging, but he loves to talk about himself and his own affairs, and never takes any interest in what you are doing. You wouldn't care for him, in spite of his fine qualities, for an intimate friend.

It is well to learn the lesson young—for we must learn it at some time or other—that the people we shall be thrown among through life will ask yet more of us than that we keep the ten commandments. If they are the sort of people whom we ought to know, they will expect us to do right, but they want still more than that of us, or, rather, they want that carried out to its inner meaning. Tact and taste are needed in social life, as well as the enforcement of the golden rule. But, then, tact and taste are the further carrying out of the golden rule. It is because young folks sometimes overlook these acts that they need to be reminded that good hearts are not visible to the world, as are uncouth manners, careless speech, and unpleasant habits. Therefore, these all count in the impression one makes, and one must be on guard that the impression shall be agreeable. "Manners make the man" is not wholly true, but it has some truth in it, too.

Glasgow Church Census.

A church census hardly ever fails to yield some instructive and surprising results. One was taken lately in Glasgow, which, with extended boundaries, contains in round numbers 827,000 inhabitants. Out of that large population only 143,353 persons were found to be at church on the Sunday when the census was taken. The established church, which we are forever told, is always the church of the people, had 36,000 people attending its places of worship; the Free church had 35,700; the United Presbyterian, 30,878; other Protestant denominations, 22,507, while there were 19,204 persons present in the Roman Catholic churches in the city. The first thing that strikes one about these figures is the extremely small proportion of the whole population that attends church in a city which has for its motto, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word." Judged by Glasgow, Scotland seems decidedly on the down grade as regards church going. The next obvious point is the extraordinary weakness of the established church, which had only 35,006 worshippers, while the two principal Presbyterian churches that disown the establishment had 68,638 between them alone.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

Penny shares are the attraction offered by a London stock company. There are 680,000 of them, the full capital being £2,500.

At New Augustine, Fla., the mayor, sitting as a magistrate, accepted five hogs from a negro culprit as security for the payment of a fine.

Sir John Lubbock told some London school children recently that one of his nieces described air as consisting of oxygen and Cambridgegen.

A Livingston County, Missouri, farmer comes to the front as a record shatterer with a turnip that pulls down the scales at a plump ten pounds.

At Harrison, Neb., sympathetic neighbors of a woman whose husband abused her ordered the brute to leave town, which he did, and then she sued the good folk for alienating his affections.

England is to have a home for aged and infirm newspaper men who, from causes beyond their control, have been unable to make provision for the proverbial rainy day, which is not easy in crowded London.

Walter Nichols, 12 years old, has been sentenced to nine years' imprisonment at Suffolk, Va., on two charges of grand larceny, one for safe breaking and the other for robbing a jewelry store. It is said that his criminal tendencies were manifested from infancy.

H. G. McDowell, of Canton, Ohio, has made a shipment of twelve merino sheep to Cape Town, Cape Colony, Africa. The sheep were valued at \$5,000, heavily insured. One buck alone was worth \$1,000. The animals were shipped to New York, thence by steamer to Cape Town.

Reports from the Portsmouth navy yard are to the effect that the historic frigate Constitution, "Old Ironsides," is leaking badly and otherwise falling into such a state of decay that unless Congress immediately makes an appropriation to have her thoroughly repaired, the vessel would be a complete wreck before spring.

A Belgian inventor has devised an immense lamp, such as has probably never been seen before. The lamp is composed of 3,000 pieces. It is six feet high, and measures three feet ten inches in diameter. It is fed with kerosene, and the consumption is very small, its light being so powerful that one may read by it at a distance of 600 feet.

In the University of Jena there has been preserved a manuscript song book of 1500, containing a collection of minnesinger songs, written in fourteenth century German text. This manuscript was invaluable because it was an authority on the music of the Middle Ages. It has been reproduced exactly by photographic process. Attention was first called to this book 150 years ago.

Among the curious uses to which iron has been placed is that of visiting cards. Many great iron manufacturers have had the metal rolled in sheets so thin that it has been successfully employed for this social use. It is interesting to know that the cards of Count Renard are 1-1,000th part of an inch thick, those of Baron Krupp 1-820th part of an inch, and Count Harrach's 1-640th part of an inch.

Another effort to demonstrate the advantage of the co-operative system is to be made by leading radicals of Kansas. Options have been obtained on 2,000 acres of land in Crawford County, where it is proposed to locate a co-operative colony. Chairman Breidenbach of the Populist State Committee, Representative-elect Ridgley, a fusionist, and ex-State Treasurer Biddle are leaders in the enterprise.

The Constitutional Club, the home of the conservatives in London, has a new building project in view. It proposes to build a club house that will accommodate 15,000 members. It is to be the focus of all conservative movements. It will have a great ballroom, a theater, and all the other arrangements for a successful club. All the conservatives in the kingdom are expected to take an interest in the venture and subscribe to it.

A recent decision in Pennsylvania is quoted on the following circumstances: A passenger standing on the platform of a street car was requested by the conductor to go inside, there being seats vacant at the time, but refused to do so on the ground that he was not going far enough to make it worth while, and the car was stopped and he was ejected. Held that the rule was a reasonable one and the ejected passenger had no ground for action.

Haunted with the idea that he had only a short time to live, Stephen Langford, a wealthy miser of White Hall, near Richmond, Ky., sent for his nephew, W. A. Langford, and made him a present of \$5,000 in cash and a fine blue grass farm, his idea being to avoid if possible litigation after his death. Some time ago the old gentleman had his coffin made and a tombstone prepared, and now says he is ready for the death angel's summons.

Peter M. Shaffer, of Mahoningtown, Pa., is afflicted with a peculiar sickness, which will likely cause his death. He has been a stone mason for many years, and two months ago he was seized with a bad cough and consulted a physician. The doctor says that he has been inhaling stone dust for the past sixteen years and, with his saliva, this has petrified and has formed small stones in his stomach. Already Mr. Shaffer has coughed up several small stones.

At a meeting of Boston's Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, held in Faneuil Hall, attention was again called to the constant menace of de-

struction by fire to which the building and its contents are exposed. The latter include a vast store of historic relics and pictures, many of which could not possibly be replaced. After earnest discussion of the subject, it was decided to appoint a committee with power to take steps for the safer housing of these treasures.

Jennings Patton, of Jefferson township, near Portsmouth, O., last summer traded a certain mortgage to Daniel McLaughlin for a mare and colt, giving in addition his note for \$5. When settlement time came due he objected to paying 6 cents, the accrued interest on the note. McLaughlin was obdurate and stood out for his interest. The trouble was taken into the magistrate's court, and has now been appealed to the court of common pleas. So far costs aggregating \$76 have been built up, to say nothing of lawyers' fees.

John Enders, a farmer living near Ponca, Neb., met with an odd accident a few days ago. A growth like a cataract had been growing on his left eye for several years and the sight of the eye was nearly gone. Mr. Enders, in chopping kindling, was struck squarely on the left eyeball by a flying chip. The eye bled profusely and he fainted from the pain. He suffered for two days, and then began to get better. At this time he noticed that he could see plainly with both eyes, and an examination showed that the growth that had covered the eyeball had been cut off as neatly as a surgeon could have done it.

Orrin Bryant, a Buffalo machinist, who at present goes about his work in overalls whose grimy color and numerous rents prove his industry, if not his regard for appearances, has invented a machine which will, he and several capitalists believe, do for the cast-iron industry what the linotype has done for printing. It not only turns out molds of intricate form all ready to receive the molten metal, producing them much faster than they can be made by hand, but it does the work better as regards both accuracy and finish. The owners of the invention talk of no sum more definite than "millions" when they discuss the machine.

His Illustration.

In a letter that recently reached this country, written by one of Queen Victoria's soldiers, who was with his regiment marching against the Dervishes in the Egyptian campaign, is a little amusing story of a certain soldier who disliked the intense heat of the country, and sought in every kind of way to obtain some excuse for quitting the service. It seems he complained to the doctor of his eyes, claiming that he was so near-sighted that he could not with safety fire off his gun for fear of hitting a comrade instead of an enemy.

"Dear me," said the doctor, "that is a serious matter. Now tell me what you mean by near-sighted."

"Well, sir," said the soldier, and he looked around thoughtfully as if in search of some idea, "it is an example you want? Ah, I have one. Can you see that pin lying in a corner over there?"

"Why, yes! And I should say it required excellent eyesight to see it, too," replied the doctor.

"Well, that's my trouble, sir; I can't see it."

The poor man is still wondering why he is not sent back to the home station.—Harper's Round Table.

As He Read the Signal.

The third act of Rhea's play, "Josephine, Empress of the French," closes with a climax based upon the sex of a new-born heir to Napoleon. If the expected arrival be a girl, Josephine will have reason to hope for a restoration of Napoleon's favor; if it be a boy, it means the end of Josephine's hopes. The audience is told by the dialogue that when the event occurs, it will be heralded by the booming of cannon—one shot if the heir be a girl and twenty-one if it be a boy. Suddenly, in the midst of the conversation, the activity of the play is interrupted by a cannon-shot. After a moment of anxious silence, Josephine exclaims, "It is a girl! Thank God!" Then follows a second shot, as the cannon continues with the royal salute of twenty-one guns. At the second report, Josephine's attendants, in consternation, exclaim, "A boy!" At the third shot on the opening night, when the play was produced in Lancaster, Pa., a small boy in the gallery brought down the house by crying out: "Triplets, by thunder!"

Ancient Coffee Houses.

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621, speaks of Turkish coffee houses. In 1632 Sir Henry Blount, who wrote a book of travels in the Levant, mentions Turkish coffee with praise. Evelyn describes drinking it at college in the rooms of a Levant friend, and Antony Wood tells that in 1650 (ten years before the restoration) a Levant Hebrew opened a coffee house at Oxford.

**The Cocoa Tree.**  
The plant producing the cocoa of commerce is a tree seldom grown to a height greater than 17 or 18 feet, but is sometimes known to reach a height of thirty feet. It is known to botanists as theobroma cacao. It bears an oblong fruit, ribbed longitudinally, measuring from six to ten inches.

A Hint.

Blackner—How did you tear your coat?  
Reddy—Caught it on a nail in Wigley's store. I made him pay me \$20 for the damage, though.

Blackner—That so? Is the nail there yet?—Roxbury Gazette.

An Ambiguous Answer.

Friend—What are you selling now?  
Agent—Rubbishbright metal polish.

Friend—Is it a good thing?  
Agent—Well, I've scoured the whole country with it.—Washington Times.



## BADLY HIPPED.

It is hardly a compliment to say that anyone is "hipped," but anyone is pretty badly hipped who suffers with sciatica. It is in the hip that the excruciating pain takes hold and tortures. It is just there where St. Jacobs Oil, with its soothing penetration, has done some of its most remarkable work of cure. Those who suffer thus, therefore, need not despair of cure when this great remedy for pain can be had so readily, and as it is known as a sure cure, be sure to get it and insure speedy and perfect relief of the intense misery. There are cases of confirmed crippling from this malady which this great remedy has effectively cured and restored the sufferer to a sound condition.

Unless he should change his mind in the meantime President-elect McKinley will call an extra session of Congress for Monday, March 15. This information was given to Congressman-elect Sturdevant by McKinley in Canton a few days ago.

## TO GET OUT OF THE WAY

When trouble is coming, it is obviously the part of common sense. An obstruction of the bowels is a serious obstacle to health. To get this out of the way is an easy matter with the thorough laxative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, although it affords relief, never grips and convulses like a drastic purgative. Dyspepsia, malarial, kidney and rheumatic ailments and nervousness yield to this genial family medicine.

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, "his crisis will soon be at an end." "Thank heaven," murmured an auditor, "he's going to stop talking."

Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters act as a mild cathartic, removing all undigested and refuse matter from the stomach and bowels and curing constipation.

Malaria and Grip positively cured also all other Malarial and Grip cases guaranteed a cure or no charge. Reasonable terms; call or write; confidential. DR. CRAIG & CO., Medical Institute, 1346 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

## Beware Of Mercury!

Mr. Henry Roth, of 1843 South 9th Street, St. Louis, was given the usual mercurial treatment for contagious blood poison. He was twice pronounced cured, but the disease returned each time, he was seized with rheumatic pains, and red lumps and sores covered his body.

"I was in a horrible fix," he says, "and the more treatment I received, the worse I seemed to get. A New York specialist said he could cure me, but his treatment did me no good whatever. I was stiff and full of pains, my left arm was useless so that I was unable to do even the lightest work. This was my condition when I began to take S. S. S., and a few bottles convinced me that I was being benefited. I continued the medicine, and one dozen bottles cured me sound and well. My system was under the effects of mercury, and I would soon have been a complete wreck but for S. S. S."

S. S. S., (guaranteed purely vegetable) is the only cure for real blood diseases. The mercurial treatment of the doctors always does more harm than good. Beware of mercury! Books on the disease and its treatment mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Women Suffering, send for free pamphlet, Joubin, 14 Halleck St., San Francisco, Cal. All correspondence strictly confidential.

RUPTURE and PILES cured; no pay until cured; send for book. DR. MANSFIELD & PORTERFIELD, 828 Market St., San Francisco.

RODS For tracing and locating Gold or Silver Ore lost or hidden treasures. M. D. FOWLER, R. F. 37, Southington, Conn.

Attend Stohl's BUREAU COLLECTOR, 723 Market St., San Francisco. Write for "Free Book."

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DR. MURRI'S IRON-NERVE PILLS.

Restore the exhausted vitality to every function and organ, weakened by waste, overwork, and worry. Reinvigorate the nerve forces, give tone, energy and vigor to the whole system. Positively cure Nervousness and Insomnia. 50 cents a box, sent by mail. Address Agents, ALTINE CHEMICAL CO., 5 W. Cor. Larkin and Turk Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles. All Druggists, 50c.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE. CALIFORNIA MERCHANTS and Dealers generally.

MEXICAN REGULATOR TEA. A natural combination of Tropical Roots and Herbs, compounded by formula of Dr. A. BALZANO of city of Mexico, a guaranteed cure for indigestion, kidney disease, sick headache and all troubles of a disordered liver. No cure no pay. Also, a Malaria Cure that contains NO Quinine or Mercury. Nature's positive cure. M. G. BRANDT CO., 1155 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.

EVERY MEN Hatched in Potomac Incubators has started right, and is better prepared to give profitable returns because these machines exclusively embody the features which produce the greatest number of vigorous chicks. Free Illustrated Catalogue. Potomac Incubator Co., Potomac, Md.

S. F. N. U. No. 764 New Series No. 7.

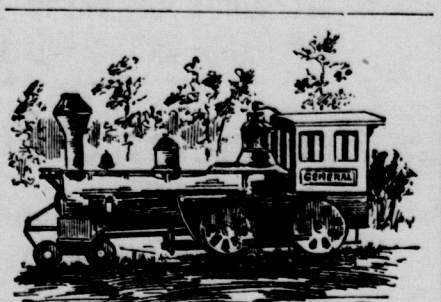
DR. J. C. CURE FOR CHICKS WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Chicken Syrup. Tastes Good. Use 2 in time. Sold by Druggists. CONSUMPTION.

## THE "GENERAL."

One of the Locomotives Used by the Confederate States.

Three diminutive locomotives standing on a side track at Vinings, Ga., on the Western and Atlantic, under the shadow of Kennesaw Mountain, furnish a striking object lesson in the wonderful evolution that had been taking place in this generation in steam transportation.

Five years ago, when the State leased the Western and Atlantic to the Tennessee Company for thirty years at a rental of \$35,000 a month, the old rolling stock, a survival of the war period, was discarded and modern equipment was substituted. A score of almost worn-out engines were sent up to Vinings, like so many old horses turned out to die. They were not wholly inglorious, however. Some of them live in history. A number of them played important roles in the war, carrying troops and provisions to and fro, hurrying reinforcements forward to some defense, transferring commands from one part of the field to another, bringing up delayed stores to a hungry army, moving the wounded from the field of battle to distant hospitals, transporting ammunition as the armies moved from point to point and in various ways rendering invaluable aid to their country.



THE "GENERAL."

The General and Texas live in history, of course, and so long as they withstand the elements will be of increasing interest to generations yet unborn. These two historic engines were not relegated to the cemetery, but were kept about the shops, and the General stands to-day in the Western and Atlantic roundhouse at Atlanta, Ga. Every year or so it is fired up and sent off to some Grand Army reunion or to a world's fair, where it remains on dress parade for a brief time, and then steams back to its stall to rest until the next exposition or assemblage of veterans.

## LO FENG LUH.

The New Chinese Minister to Great Britain.

Lo Feng Luh, the new Chinese minister to England, is very popular in London, where as a youth he resided for a number of years while a student at King's College. He is an accomplished linguist and speaks English with an accuracy and a fluency quite rare among the men of the Mongol race. He is likewise a keen student of Western politics and civilization, in both of which he takes a deep interest. For eighteen years Lo Feng Luh has been the first secretary of Prince Li Hung Chang, and enjoys that minister's confidence fully. He has occupied other important posts in the service of his government, notably when he was assistant governor of Peh-Chili. He accompanied Prince Li on his foreign tour, and won special favor in England because of his thorough understanding of the language and his familiarity with the ways of the English people. In the conversations at Hawarden between the Chinese minister and Mr. Gladstone, Lo Feng Luh acted as interpreter for the two "grand old men," and was rewarded for his intelligent service by the warm thanks of Mr. Gladstone. His unflinching tact and courtesy toward all with whom he came in contact during his stay in England made a most favorable impression, and he will without doubt be



LO FENG LUH.

received in London as the minister of the Chinese Emperor with good feeling and personal regard manifested on all sides.

The Corpse Fled the Autopsy. Dr. Crawford, of Baltimore, is related to have advised a patient, who fancied he was dying of liver disease, to travel. On returning he appeared to be quite well, but upon receiving information of the death of a twin brother, who had actually died of a scirrhous liver, he immediately staggered, and falling down, cried out that he was dead, and had, as he always expected, died of a liver complaint. Dr. Crawford, being sent for, immediately attended, and, on being informed of the notion which had seized the hypochondriac, exclaimed: "Oh, yes, the gentleman is certainly dead, and it is more than probable that his liver was the death of him. However, to ascertain the fact, I will hasten to cut him open before putrefaction takes place."

He called for a carving knife, and

whetting it, as a butcher would when about to open a dead calf, he stepped up to the patient and began to open his waistcoat. The hypochondriac became so terribly frightened that he leaped up with the agility of a rabbit, and, crying out "Murder! Murder! Murder!" ran off with a speed that would have defied a score of doctors to catch him. After running a considerable distance, until he was almost exhausted, he halted, and not finding the doctor at his heels, soon became composed. From that period this gentleman was never known to complain of his liver, nor had he for more than twenty years afterward any symptoms of this disease.—Philadelphia Times.

## KISSED HER GOOD-BY.

He Had a Right to, but as It Was in a Car It Created a Sensation.

They got on a Northern Central car at Grand avenue rather early one morning last week, says a St. Louis paper. They were evidently husband and wife and were a delightful couple to look at. He was quite handsome, but she was particularly attractive. In fact she was one of those women from whom there emanates a kind of magnetic "Ain't She a Peach?" air, all the time.

It was clearly evident that this magnetism had pervaded the entire car, judging from the actions of the men. Every one of them found it necessary to fold his paper a dozen times in half that number of blocks, in order to get an excuse for another glance at her. And the young ladies on the car bound for work didn't like it at all. They resented the attention the young wife was getting from the other men from whom they had themselves become accustomed to receiving daily admiration on the way down town.

The husband and wife, however, paid no attention to those around them; they were engrossed in each other. He was bending over her in that protecting manner which is so natural to a man who loves his wife and which is so annoying to other men who are merely onlookers and which gets



WHILE PASSENGERS LOOKED ON.

the women spectators wild with envy. The feeling through the car, which was crowded, was actually tense.

The climax came at Eighteenth street. He rose up suddenly with the disappointed exclamation, "Oh, here I am." "Oh, pshaw," said she. "Well, good-by, dear; be home early, won't you?" The entire car was, figuratively speaking, on tiptoes.

He reached his big brown hand down and took hers, and then he leaned over her and—when he kissed her right square in the mouth.

And then he got off, and her smile that followed him lit up the car as though the electric lights had been turned on. Every man on the car, even the old fellows, heaved a big, regretful sigh and said under his breath, "that was nice." And the girls looked mad enough and envious enough to eat the flowers and fruits on their hats. She—the object of all the attention—looked as innocent of this as a year-old babe.

The Perversity of Chimneys. "The hardest problem the builder has to wrestle with," said a well-known member of the profession recently, "is the chimney. What the heathen Chinese is to the human race and the left-handed mule to the animal kingdom, the chimney is to the various appetences that go to make up a human habitation. There is no safe rule for the construction of chimneys. You can build a chimney all right in theory, but when it comes down to practice that is another matter. Build two chimneys side by side in precisely the same manner. Employ the best skilled labor and construct them on exactly the same principles. One may draw all right and the other one smoke like a Choctaw. Yes, sir, the chimney is beyond all understanding and any builder will tell you so."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

With the Accent on the Eye. When Milton Lackaye first appeared in San Francisco he was introduced to his audience by T. Daniel Frawley. After a few eulogistic remarks Frawley said:

"Many people mispronounce Mr. Lackaye's name. It is Lack-eye, not Lackey."

"All right, Mr. Frawley-eye," shouted a gallery god.

Central Europe Once a Sea. Central Europe was a vast sea studied with islands in the great reptile age.

If the moon is red or has many red spots expect a cold and stormy winter; but if only a few spots are visible the winter will be mild.

## B'ILIN SOAP WITH MARTHY.

Lord, how I miss them good old days When life was full of hope An me an' Marthy Ellen Hays Was sparkin' b'ilin soap. The potash little we used to have It hit three bar'ls clean, An so Miss Hays an' me 'd have Their soap groce for a year An plan to live it 'till the mornin' B'ilin soap! Good night, good mornin', An at if me an' Marthy 'd have To kind o' boss the soap.

The little was set in the orchard lot Where nobody'd come an' spy; An I'd snake the kags o' soap scraps out On our stubfoot, an' Marthy'd try To catch a rick an' couldn't hol on. "That grabba me from the waid!" I thought that heaven was shinin' upon My heart in that sweet embrace. I'd the fire to light an' the lye to bring As it dripped from the wood ash heap An' Marthy to watch as she'd set an' sing As patty as a peach.

An my yearnin' senses was took by storm By each little cunnin' trick O' grace an' beauty an' swain form An' she stirred the soap 'till a stick. An her sunbunt fell 'um her golden curls— Oh, shucks! I couldn't hope To tell how fair was that fairest o' girls As she stirred the b'ilin soap. It's kind o' lonesome a-cuttin' over An' thinkin' them ole times over, Wut? Marthy? Hain't seen 'er fer seven-teen year. Since she married that down east drover. —J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

## SUFFER FROM "FLAT FEET."

How the Breaking Down of the Arch Is Remedied by a Steel Strip.

Despite the fact that the beauty of a well arched foot is much appreciated by people of an artistic turn of mind, has been sung frequently by poets and versemakers, there has been until lately little interest, from a scientific point of view, taken in its direct opposite—the flat foot. In a great number of instances flat feet are the occasion of considerable keen suffering, generally resulting from the breaking down of the arch—that is, the displacement of some of the many little bones of the foot either from overstrain or some disease of the muscular structure. As the weight of the body constantly rests upon the foot, there is no opportunity for the bones to get back to their proper places.

The result is that these little bones keep rubbing against each other, and the pain gets more and more severe. Commonly the person afflicted in this way thinks that he or she has rheumatism and lets it go at that. Until recently the only remedy was a steel soled shoe that was clumsy and heavy. The new device is interesting. It is an "insole," curved to fit the foot, made of a bent strip of steel and acting as a spring. It is covered either with leather or with vulcanized rubber to prevent rusting, and, needing no fastening, but simply to be placed in position, it can be changed from one shoe to another at will.

In position it acts simply as a support, literally holding up the bones and giving them an opportunity to slip back into their proper places. While any "insole" of the approximate shape will give relief, the best results are reached only when one is especially made from a cast or impression of the foot. A great proportion of the people troubled with flat feet come from the north of Europe, many of them from the lowlands of Germany. The inhabitants of the south or Europe, strangely enough, are seldom troubled with anything of the sort. Their insteps, especially in the case of women, are nearly always highly arched and finely formed.—New York Tribune.

## To See Plainly.

The more I think of it I find this conclusion more impressed upon me, that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion—all in one.—Ruskin.

## Belgium's Royalty.

The present king of Belgium is Leopold II, who ascended the throne Dec. 10, 1865. The kings of Belgium are successors of the princes of Orange, the first being Philipbert, who succeeded to the throne in 1502. For a long time they were known as stadholders.

Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters, cleanses and renovates the vital fluid (or blood) and healthfully stimulates every bodily function.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent St., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, 1896.

When your liver is inactive, when you are dull and drowsy by day and restless at night, take Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters.

"It is a startling fact that, almost without exception, the adulterated teas are dangerous to health. Some of them are actually poisonous."

—N. Y. Herald.

Yes; some—not all. But that isn't the point. You drink tea because you like it—not because it is good for you.

The wholesome tea is also the best-tasting: Schilling's Best—at grocers' in packages.

A Schilling & Company San Francisco 407

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK ON "J. L. DON'T GET WELL," DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS are the One Thing to Use. Only One for a Dose. Sold by druggists at 25c. a box samples Free. Address the Dr. Seaman Med. Co., Phila. Pa.

HABIT DRUNKENNESS OPIUM Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEANON, OHIO.

## Get This Package when you call for It.



## PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

A TRUE NERVE TONIC. AN ACTIVE ALTERNATIVE. A RELIABLE LAXATIVE AND DIURETIC. IT RESTORES STRENGTH. RENEWS VITALITY. PURIFIES THE BLOOD. REGULATES THE KIDNEYS. LIVER AND BOWELS. PRICE \$1.00

PREPARED BY WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. SOLE PROPRIETORS BURLINGTON, VT.

And Don't Be Defrauded by Any Substitute That Some Dealers Try to Sell You for the Sake of 'he Larger Profit!

WOMAN FOR YOU The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given uniformly successful and weak life. Thousands of it the name of Woman's Friend. It is full in relieving the backaches, headaches which burden and shorten a woman's women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE. Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN and RABBIT FENCE.

We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. Ask your dealer to show you this Fence. DE KALB FENCE CO., MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORIES: DE KALB, ILLINOIS. PACIFIC COAST OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE: 26 BEALE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Leading dealers everywhere sell FERRY'S SEEDS. Don't risk the loss of time, labor and ground by planting seeds of unknown quality. The market is full of cheap, unreliable seeds. FERRY'S SEEDS are always the best, do not accept any substitute. Seed Annual Free. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

WATON SMOKERS. by Hot Air. FREE: Catalogue and Price List of the IMPROVED STOCK-IRON INCUBATORS, Brooders, Poultry Supplies, Thoroughbred Poultry, Pigeons and Belgian Hares, W. H. Young, 709 E Main St., Stockton, Cal.

KODAKS-REMOS-POCOS Photo and Magic Lantern Apparatus. T. P. Andrews, 100 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

SURE CURE FOR PILES. Itching and Bleeding, Swelling or Protruding Piles cured at once by Dr. J. C. KOPPEL'S PILE REMEDY. Stages of the disease treated. A positive cure. Circular sent free. Price 25c. Druggists or MRS. DR. BOGANSKE, Phila. Pa.







## LOCAL NOTES.

No idle men in town. There is still time for tree planting. This is a good time to begin gardening.

The public school will open Monday, February 15, 1897.

Plant a few flowers and shrubs and beautify your homes.

If you fail to receive your copy of the Enterprise regularly, notify this office.

Mr. Dunn has planted a few fine trees in front of his residence on Grand avenue.

Charley Herbst paid our town and his many friends here a brief visit on Monday.

Will Card left last Saturday for Salinas to spend a few days with his parents.

Born.—In this fair, young city, on January 28, 1897, to the wife of W. S. Money, a son.

George R. Sneath received a cargo of potatoes from the Jersey Farm per steamer Caroline, on Saturday last.

Dr. and Mrs. Baker of San Francisco, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Patchell last Saturday and Sunday.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Cohen, who has been seriously ill the past two weeks, is somewhat better.

Constable Desirrelo caused \$84 to be paid into the county license fund by peddlers and junk dealers last month.

Communion services will be held in Grace Church, one week from tomorrow, at 11 o'clock, February 14, 1897.

The rains of the past week have temporarily checked the progress of the buildings in process of construction in town.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Sneath entertained at lunch last Sunday a few friends from San Mateo and South San Francisco.

Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church tomorrow (Sunday), at 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at the usual hour.

The peril of diphtheria has passed. The child of Mr. and Mrs. E. Dahl has entirely recovered, and the disease has not reached any other family.

Mr. John McKay, a contractor of San Francisco, has purchased the Descalso property near Baden Station, and is preparing the ground for a crop of alfalfa.

Mrs. Patchell gave a farewell dinner party to Mrs. Ironsides last Saturday evening. Covers were laid for fourteen guests, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all who participated.

Mrs. Ironsides, sister of Mr. R. K. Patchell, left on Tuesday last, via the Santa Fe route, for Chicago, after having spent a most enjoyable visit of several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Patchell.

Section Foreman John Benson has been on the line late and early the past week, and by his vigilance has kept the railroad track across the marsh between Baden Station and this place O. K., notwithstanding the heavy rains of late.

Mike Foley's mule and John Huber's pony, which disappeared about January 6th, and were supposed to have been stolen, have been found at the Linehan ranch, near Byrne's store. Mr. Linehan says the animals came to his place as strays.

We are pleased to learn that Miss Melita Bennett, who has been seriously ill the past three weeks, at her home in Alameda, is now on the high road to recovery. Miss Bennett is the daughter of G. W. Bennett, well known to our people, and a property owner here.

On Thursday morning, in the storm, Land Agent W. J. Martin was investigating a suspicious-looking gopher hole on upper Grand avenue, when the ground beneath his feet gave way, precipitating him a distance of three feet. Frank Miner was immediately put to work to repair the damage, and thereby prevented a bad washout.

The church service last Sunday morning was not very well attended, owing to the severe weather. Rev. Wallace held the regular service, omitting the sermon. Mr. Charles Coombes, the organist, was present, as also were Mrs. Howell, Mr. Maggs and Mrs. Van Hukeran, who represented the choir. No Sunday-school was held in the afternoon.

The Company's bulkhead broke during the freshet Sunday morning, and Land Agent Martin, who was early on the scene with the aid of Frank Miner, and a force of men after a few hours' hard work, succeeded in stopping the break, and thereby prevented what might otherwise have resulted in a washout of the railroad track similar to that of last year.

On Tuesday, Frank P. Heath, an employe of Green Valley milk ranch was arrested upon a charge of cruelty to animals. Heath, at the time of his arrest, had seven calves crowded into a small spring wagon, their legs bound with ropes and piled one upon the other, which he was hauling into San Francisco from the Linehan ranch, a distance of twenty miles or more.

Mr. J. W. Howell, who has left the employ of the Emporium Company and entered that of D. Samuels' Lace House, was busy all last Sunday decorating the windows of Samuel's new store, corner of Post street and Grant avenue, San Francisco, which was opened last Monday. Mr. Howell was compelled to remain in the city both Saturday and Sunday nights, and Mrs. Howell spent Sunday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Maggs.

On Tuesday afternoon a party of four of our citizens were out in boats south of the packing-house hunting ducks. Two of the party became belated and were caught at ebb tide on the mud flats, and were unable to extricate their

boat. After struggling for two hours in the soft mud, they were compelled to abandon the boat, and spent another two hours in reaching solid ground. Patchell, Martin, Healy and Dr. Holcomb say they know nothing about this affair.

Last Tuesday Sheriff McEvoy took Boyce and Tann, recently convicted of a felony in the Superior Court, to San Quentin. Upon invitation of the Sheriff, Messrs. Laine and Jury, of San Mateo, and Neff and Martin, of this place, accompanied Sheriff McEvoy to the State Prison. Captain Edgar, formerly Under-Sheriff of this county, who has charge of the prison, showed the visitors every courtesy, including an elegant lunch. There are now confined at San Quentin 1340 male, and 15 female prisoners. Seven hundred of the inmates are engaged in the manufacture of jutebags.

## SUPERVISORS MEET.

Proceedings of the Board for the Month of January.

Liquor Licenses Granted—Constable G. F. Smith Resigns—Reports of Officers and Bills Allowed.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular monthly session Monday. All members were present.

After adopting the minutes of the previous meeting the following reports of county officers were read and filed.

General Fund—\$1,000.00  
First Road District Fund—\$1,000.00  
Second Road District Fund—\$1,000.00  
Third Road District Fund—\$1,000.00  
Fourth Road District Fund—\$1,000.00  
Fifth Road District Fund—\$1,000.00  
Sixth Road District Fund—\$1,000.00  
Seventh Road District Fund—\$1,000.00  
Eighth Road District Fund—\$1,000.00  
Ninth Road District Fund—\$1,000.00  
Tenth Road District Fund—\$1,000.00

Sanitary Fund, ten months—\$1,000.00  
No warrants can be issued on First and Third Road District Funds, having been overdrawn.

Amount received from all sources—\$1,000.00  
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The following persons gave notice that they would apply for liquor licenses at the next meeting of the board: First Township—Peter Gillogly, Torrence Masterson, George Collop, George Kneese and T. J. Clisham & Co.

A communication from the secretary of the State Board of Trade relating to the exposition to be held at Hamburg was read and ordered filed.

The resignation of George F. Smith, Constable of the Fifth Township, was accepted on motion of Adair.

The annual statement of the Bear Gulch Water Company, showing receipts and expenditures for 1896, was referred back for correction and the clerk instructed to notify all water companies to file their reports.

The matter of the petition of Sarah Kohl for rebate of taxes went over to the next meeting of the board.

George C. Ross, on behalf of A. Borel, made the statement that when a right-of-way was given to the county to construct the Alpine road it was agreed that a fence should be put up on both sides of the road along Mr. Borel's property. This was never done and he urged that the agreement be kept. On motion, McEvoy was appointed to confer with Mr. Borel, the latter to build the fence at his own expense and be refunded the money when the third district road fund would permit.

On motion of McEvoy the claim of H. S. Sears for \$5 was rejected.

A petition to change the boundary line of the San Pedro school district was referred to the School Superintendent and District Attorney to report at the next meeting.

The petition of Clerk and Recorder Johnston for an assistant to prepare abstracts of mortgages to be furnished the Assessor was granted on motion of Tilton. W. J. McGarvey was appointed to do the work.

Ordinance No. 140, levying road poll tax, was adopted by the board.

The following claims were allowed and ordered paid:

GENERAL FUND.  
P. P. Chamberlain, 23 50  
E. Cunningham, 84 00  
W. P. McEvoy, 262 00  
Daniel Neville, 73 25  
Democrat, 64 30  
Althoff & Bahl, 194 00  
N. B. Graves, 14 55  
G. E. Daniel, 5 00  
John Lennon, 5 00  
A. J. Beer, J., 3 75  
H. C. Bowie, 5 00  
H. C. Bowie, 10 00  
Drs. Ross and Barret, 10 00  
James Crowe, 31 25  
James Oakes, 5 00  
John Isaac, 70 00  
W. O. Booth, 11 55  
E. E. Cunningham, 14 50  
R. E. Cunningham, 14 50  
L. L. Mattingly, 33 00  
James Hannon, 48 00  
C. B. Barton, 13 00  
C. B. Barton, 54 20  
Darham, Carrigan & Co, 19 65  
Times Gazette, 111 00  
Bancroft-Whitney Co, 25 85  
Charles Imperatori, 5 00  
Hanson & Co, 25 12  
James Carman, 5 00  
Robert Wisnom, 55 26  
W. M. Barret, 5 00  
George W. Beattie, 33 10  
James Wilson, 37 15  
J. E. Ralston, 37 15  
John Kyn, 43 10  
Charles G. Oswald, 17 85  
T. E. Cassely, 34 00  
R. L. Pitcher, 32 20  
F. C. Kelley, 34 00  
G. Fanciola, 38 90  
W. A. Emmet, 21 70  
G. Plump, 12 45  
W. S. Jack, 27 30  
B. J. Homan, 17 30  
John Monahan, 2 90  
J. Christman, 2 90  
L. L. Edwards, 2 90  
T. F. Casey, 2 60  
D. W. Sampson, 2 15  
J. Koop, 3 90  
W. J. Martin, 4 55  
Hugh Kelly, 39 85  
William Hughes, 19 20  
R. Campbell, 17 85  
J. P. Cullen, 15 65  
L. S. O'Brien, 38 40  
W. S. Dean, 17 45  
Gus. Ehaman, 34 00  
F. Crooknell, 5 00  
J. M. Bell, 4 10  
J. Fitzgerald, 5 00  
Peter Gillogly, 5 00  
H. B. Adair, 6 30

FIRST ROAD FUND.  
A. M. Easton, 100 00

SALARY FUND.  
H. C. Hall, 51 50  
K. A. McCarthy, 84 00  
Etta M. Tilton, 55 00  
J. C. Nash, 83 90  
A. E. Weed, 85 00

INDIGENT FUND.  
J. C. Potter, 57 51  
C. H. Offermann, 8 00  
C. H. Offermann, 8 00  
P. J. Foley, 8 00  
C. E. Knight, 8 00  
James Crowe, 32 00  
James Crowe, 20 00  
S. H. Crook, 10 00  
James Stafford, 8 00  
J. C. Potter, 270 00  
A. E. Baldwin, 50 00  
C. H. Offermann, 6 00  
C. H. Offermann, 8 00  
James Crowe, 5 00  
E. F. Green, 5 00  
James Stafford, 6 50  
D. E. Briggs, 6 50

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Jones, Thos. Knights, Henry Koop, Hugh McArthur, Nicholas Hanson, John R. G. Winkler.

Fourth Township—Frank Louis Avila, J. J. Higgins, Joseph Azavedo, Robert D. Savage, Frank Madona, James Beulah, Edward Frey, John Meyn, John Gonzales, Antonio Laffranchi, Michael Sullivan, James Hatch.

Fifth Township—Jesse Palmer, R. C. Merrill, James Butchard, John Ralston, D. C. Adair, C. A. Petterson, E. Leighton, B. Hayward, Albion Weeks.

## PRESS NOTES.

### CLIMATE CONTRAST.

Who could put it better than does C. F. Lummis in the Land of Sunshine: "In the East, today, Nature is dead, and the stark ground rigid as a miser's fist. The naked trees, the perished flowers, the vanished birds, all bespeak death in the house. And in most places nature has taken on her cold, white winding sheet. In California, instead of death we have the resurrection and the life. The first rains came in October, and made new heavens and a new earth. Ten days after them a universal emerald began to steal up under the browns of a perfect but rainless summer. A million wild flowers are budding and blossoming and the land is carpeted with infinite colors. The deciduous trees are like lace against the sky; but our innumerable evergreens—the graceful pepper and picturesque eucalyptus, and all that splendid host, are refreshed for the new year. The dark green of the orange is dotted with the mellowing globes of gold; and while the white snow—crown lies upon our magnificent peaks—beside which the tallest mountain in the East is a pigmy—at their feet the incense of orange blossoms burdens the air. The roses that climb to our ridgetops burst every day into more lavish bloom. Nature rests in California but never dies. The summer is the most perfect known to man, and there is no winter. And, remembering these things, you need no longer wonder that Southern California has suddenly become populous with a quarter of a million people of the class who have the brains and the money to live where they deem life worth while."—Exchange.

### MAY LIGHT SAN LEANDRO.

The Corral Hollow Coal Company has concluded a deal with Dr. Addison of the General Electric Company, by which all the waste or slack coal at the mines will be utilized. Dr. Addison has organized a syndicate under San Francisco and Eastern capitalists under the name of the Pacific Transmission Company, which he says, intends to put up electric plant at the cost of about \$1,000,000 to supply electricity to Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley. The main reason for putting up the plant at the mines is to get cheap fuel. Some 300 or 400 tons of slack will be used daily. For furnishing this slack free of cost, the coal mining syndicate will be given a certain amount of the stock of the electric company. The projectors of this company have figured out a profit of \$100,000 a year on its proposed enterprise.—San Leandro Standard.

### SUDDEN DEATH.

Mrs. Mary McDonald, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cunningham, died Thursday evening, at St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco.

Mrs. McDonald had just arrived from the East for the purpose of visiting her parents, and her sudden death is a sad bereavement and shock to them.

At the time of paper going to press, the funeral arrangements are not completed.

### Two Yorkshire Stories.

The sturdiness of the north and its rather grim self will be admirably illustrated by two Yorkshire anecdotes. A landlord of very old family proposed to make an alteration in one of his tenant's farm buildings, which the tenant declined to permit, whereupon the landlord remarked very mildly that, after all, the building was his own. Thereupon the tenant rejoined, "Nay, my forefather went to the crusades with your forefather, and you shan't touch a stone of it."

Again, a daughter of one of the leading citizens of a Yorkshire town hinted to her father's gardener that the family would like to appropriate the greenhouse to the purposes of a viney, whereupon she was told to let her father know "he may just choose betwixt me and the grapes." Of course the proposal was abandoned.

### His Grandmother.

A gentleman once asked Uncle Daniel, a droll character in a New England village, if he could remember his grandmother. "I guess I can," said Uncle Daniel, "but only as I saw her once. Father had been away all day, and when he came home he found I had failed to do something he expected of me. He taught up a rough apple tree limb and walked up to me with it. Grandmother appeared on the doorstep with a small, straight stick in her hand, and instantly handed it to my father. 'Here, Joe,' said she, 'lick Daniel with a smooth stick.' And he did. Who wouldn't remember such a grandmother as that?"



## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

### The Spelling Match.

Ten little children standing in a line, "F-u-l-l-y," fully, then there were nine.

Nine puzzled faces, fearful of their fate, "C-i-l-l-y, silly," then there were eight.

Eight pairs of blue eyes, bright as stars of heaven, "B-u-s-s-y, busy," then there were seven.

Seven grave heads, shaking in an awful fix, "L-a-i-d-y, lady," then there were six.

Six eager darlings, determined each to strive, "D-u-t-y, duty," then there were five.

Five hearts so anxious, beating more and more, "S-c-h-o-l-a-r, scholar," then there were four.

Four mouths like rosebuds on a red rose tree, "M-e-r-r-y, merry," then there were three.

Three pairs of pink ears, listening keen and true, "O-n-l-y, only," then there were two.

Two sturdy laddies, ready both to run, "T-u-r-k-y, turkey," then there was one.

One head of yellow hair, bright in the sun, "H-e-r-o, hero," the spelling match was won.

—New Orleans Picayune.

### Mining Logs for Lumber.

Instead of going into the woods and cutting trees and sawing them into log lengths, the lumbermen of Cape May, in New Jersey, mine their lumber.

Ages and ages ago a forest of cedar trees waved its branches in the breezes about Cape May. The sea is supposed to have broken the barrier which separated it from the trees and overturned them by undermining the roots. Their weight caused them to sink in the soft mud where they had stood and the mold of centuries of leaves closed over them. One day a man in passing through the swamp found one of the cedar logs, and when he had dug it out it was as sound as when it grew hundreds of years before. Of course it was very valuable as lumber, and from that time on the mining of logs has kept a great many men busy every summer. They locate the trees by plunging a long iron rod into the soft mud. When they have "struck wood" they begin digging until the mine is laid bare, and the logs are then hauled away to the sawmill. Most of the trees are from ten to twelve feet under ground, but some of them have been found as deep as ninety feet down.

### Photographing a Bullet's Hum.

It's surprising enough to hear of making a photograph of a rifle bullet in motion, but who would ever dream that a picture of the hum that it makes could also be taken? Yet such photographs are actually being made. In the cut you will see a picture of the bullet in flight with the hum stretched out behind like a comet's tail. Of course, a man's eye could not see a

### THE BULLET AND ITS HUM.

moving bullet, much less the noise that it makes, but the camera's eye is sharper by a hundred times. Knowledge says that the photograph taken was of a Martini bullet, which traveled 1,100 feet, or more than a fifth of a mile, a second. The hum is made by the bullet breaking through the air like a rail through a board, and starting little waves of sound, which travel rapidly in all directions.

Perhaps some of you have heard the hum of a bullet and "ducked" suddenly, as if to dodge it. Of course, you are not to be blamed for dodging—even brave soldiers sometimes do that—but if you heard the hum you might have comforted yourself that the bullet had already passed.

### Boys Who Became Famous.

Nearly all boys and girls show in some way at some time what they are to become when they grow into manhood and womanhood.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was severely hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The King Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency; and so he did, for he became the famous Gen. Bauer.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring—very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

### Pigs as Beasts of Burden.

In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.



Green figs are excellent food. The great majority of small fresh seed fruits are laxative.

Walnuts give nerve or brain food, muscle, heat and waste.

Pine kernels give heat and stay. They serve as a substitute for bread.

Apples supply the higher nerve and muscle food, but do not give stay.

Oranges are refreshing and feeding, but are not good if the liver is out of order.

Dried figs contain nerve and muscle food, heat and waste; but are bad for the liver.

Green water-grapes are purifying (but of little food value); reject pips and skins.

Blanched almonds give the higher nerve or brain and muscle food; no heat or waste.

Blue grapes are feeding and blood purifying; too rich for those who suffer from the liver.

Juicy fruits give more or less the higher nerve or brain, and some few, muscle food and waste; no heat.

All stone fruits are considered to be injurious for those who suffer from the liver, and should be used cautiously.

Tomatoes—Higher nerve or brain food and waste; no heat; they are thinning and stimulating. Do not swallow skins.

To prevent chapped hands, put a little borax in the wash water; or one ounce of glycerine to fifteen drops of tincture of hydragrist.

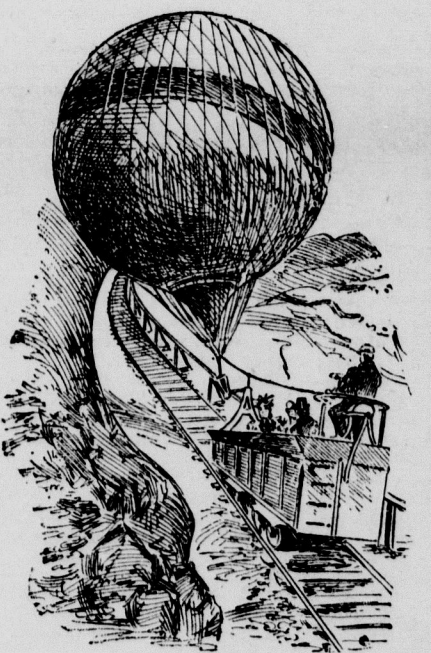
Prunes afford the highest nerve or brain food; supply heat and waste, but are not muscle-feeding. They should be avoided by those who suffer from the liver.

A great many mysterious headaches have their origin in overstrained eyes. This kind is cured only by giving the eyes a vacation or by the oculist. Of course, care in the use of the eyes is also a help. Reading, writing or sewing in a dim or flickering light must be given up.

### A VERY NOVEL RAILWAY.

Cars to Climb the Austrian Alps by Balloon Power.

One of the most novel railroads ever projected is soon to be constructed up the side of a mountain in the Austrian Alps. Instead of a cogwheel locomotive, such as are usually used on mountain roads, a captive balloon will fur-



THE AEROSTATIC RAILWAY.

nish the motive power. This device has been invented by Engineer Volder, who has spent years in trying to obtain recognition from official sources.

The rails are to be laid from Bad Reichenhall, a beautiful summer resort in the valley, to the top of Hohenstaufen Mountain, a lofty peak, from whose summit a most glorious view is to be obtained. The place is visited each season by thousands of excursionists, not only from the surrounding country, but from other parts of Europe and America. At present the only way of reaching the top is by climbing a steep but well worn path. As the ascent is not in the least dangerous or exciting, and as the climb becomes monotonous, some method of carrying visitors to the summit has long been needed, for the view is one which strangers are told should not be neglected.

### An Old Couple.

One of the oldest couples in the United States dwell at Bethel, Vt., Mr. and Mrs. Whitman Dean. Mr. Dean was born in 1807 and Mrs. Dean in 1814. They celebrated their golden wedding in 1882. Mr. Dean can remember hearing the big guns at the battle of Plattsburg. He has read the Bible through several times and it has been a great study to him all his life. In years past ministers came to him to inquire where to find certain passages of Scripture. This aged couple never rode on the steam cars or steamboat and were never out of their own State. They have been blessed with seven children.

### Qualities of Southern Wheat.

The wheat of Southern countries contains more albuminoids than that grown in temperate or northern zones, and hence is better suited for the manufacture of macaroni.

### Horses' Feet.

To lessen the shock of horses' feet on asphalt pavement some genius proposes a pneumatic shoe, a layer of rubber between the iron and the hoof.

## SHE LOST HER HEAD.

She Thought It Would Be Cut Off if She Staid, So She Fled.

This girl thinks that trainmen are just horrid. One of them nearly scared her into a fit the other day. She was going down to the levee ferry landing to go over to East St. Louis to visit a friend, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It was her first trip and she had heard awful stories of how murder was committed several times a day down on the levee, whose denizens she had been told thought less of cutting a throat than of wringing a chicken's head off. She was nervous and scared as she penetrated the city's purlieus. A freight train was being switched down there and a loud voiced switchman was giving instruction to another of his craft. Switchmen have a language all their own, which is incomprehensible to the plain everyday non-railroading citizen. Among other things they call a train "her" and "she," just as a sailor refers to a ship, and just as she neared the switchman this is what he yelled:

"Head her off, Jim, cut her in two and send the head end up here."

She fled from the murderous villain and postponed her voyage across the



FLED FROM THE VILLIAN.

raging Mississippi. Meantime the other switchman obeyed orders. He cut the train in two and sent the head end back.

## THE OLDEST POSTMASTER.

He Is Joseph Strode and Was Appointed by President Polk.

Joseph Strode, of Mifflin County, Pa., is the oldest postmaster in the United States. That is to say, the oldest in continuous service, for Mr. Strode has held his position of master of the mails at Strode's Mills since 1845, despite changes of administrations, political upheavals, war and rumors of war.

Strode's Mills is a pretty little village in the central portion of the State surrounded by rich farming lands and valuable ore and sand mines. Joseph Strode is in his eighty-second year and it is believed he will hold his job until he is too old to fill it. He is the pride and the joy of the Postoffice Department in Washington, which placed his picture in the Government display at the World's Fair. The oldest postmaster is a Republican and has never missed voting since he was allowed to vote. He has never been ill and is possessed of all his faculties. He was appointed during the administration of President Polk.

## Victoria's Gold Plate.

The gold plate at Windsor castle consists of about 10,000 pieces. It is kept in the gold pantry, which is an iron room situated on the ground floor under the royal apartments. The clerk of the pantry gives it out in iron boxes and receives a receipt for it. It is carried by special train, under escort of a guard of soldiers, and delivered to the butler at Buckingham palace. He gives a receipt for it and is responsible for it while it remains at the palace. The same formalities are observed in taking it back, and all persons concerned are glad when it is once more restored to the safekeeping of the gold pantry. The total value of the plate in this department is nearly £2,000,000. A great deal of it dates from the reign of George IV., but among the antiquities are some pieces which were taken from the Armada.

## Jews in Jerusalem.

While the return of the Hebrew race to their promised land is regarded by most people as a visionary scheme, it is an interesting fact that the number of Jews in Jerusalem has increased within twenty-two years from 15,000 to between 60,000 and 70,000. An Englishwoman who has recently returned from Jerusalem, where she has lived for forty years, says that the old suburbs of the city, long deserted and ruined, are being built up at a surprising rate, and that the influx of Jews is equally rapid in all parts of Palestine, so that they are beginning to outnumber both Moslems and Christians.

Old Gotrox—You ask for the hand of my daughter. What expectations have you? Staylight—Expectations? Well, I hear that you've got heart disease.—Philadelphia Times.

The average duration of human life in European countries is greatest in Sweden and Norway, and lowest in Italy and Austria.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

WALKING with God must begin in very short steps. The Christian should be a Christian in both walk and talk. Cheerful giving always makes the giver rich. Unless the heart first gives, what the hand bestows is not a gift.

God's grace is as much beyond our needs as the air we breathe.

Don't try to be an assistant book-keeper to the recording angel.

The revival must begin in the end of the church that contains the pulpit.

In wishing for his neighbor's possessions, the covetous man loses his own.

When we are doing our prayerful best let us remember that it is all God expects.

It is only by giving with the heart that any man can know what it means to be rich.

Strength is not a blessing when it is used to take advantage of a brother's weakness.

There is nothing like the word of God for changing a dark prospect into a bright one.

If we do not make a good use of what we have, it is a proof that we have been given too much.

The artist gets a glimpse of heaven in the meadow, where the farmer sees only so much hay.

It will do no good to ask God to send fire, unless the broken down altar has first been built up.

It is blessed to have God's mark upon us, even though it may be made with the point of a thorn.

Christ came to show the world God in the flesh, and had to go to the cross to complete the work.

One way to avoid having stereotype prayers is to make a new one whenever we have a new need.

Paul didn't say that he could do all things through Christ, until after he had the thorn in his flesh.

All things work together for good to them that love God, because love is always the gainer by being tested.

As long as the devil can keep the saloon going, he will conclude that the thousand years he is to be shut up are a long way off.

If we are branches of the True Vine, and feel the edge of the pruning knife, it is God's way of telling us that we are to bear more fruit.

Trying to make the world better and doing nothing to destroy the saloon, is a good deal like trying to kill a snake by pinching the end of its tail.

## Caught Up with the Herd.

Southern railroads have a reputation for slow travel, and in some cases it is well merited. A western traveling man making a trip on these lines suffered a great deal of annoyance from this particular failing, but up to the time of the following incident he had enjoyed himself immensely geying the conductors, trainmen or any persons having to do with the roads about their rapid transit. He was traveling one afternoon on an exceptionally slow train, which came to a stop every now and then without any apparent cause. After expressing himself very audibly to the passengers he resigned himself to the inevitable and dozed off into short naps, which were interrupted by the sundry jerks of the train, at which he complained. The passengers showed their annoyance at these complaints by angry looks. The conductor had excused the engineer in every possible way. The last apology had been that cattle obstructed the track. The train had started again and proceeded about ten minutes when it halted with a jerk. Up waked the impatient traveler and petulantly remarked: "Dear dear! I suppose, conductor, this worse than slow train has struck another herd of cattle." "Struck another one! Not much," replied the conductor. "We've simply caught up again with the first herd we ran into; that's all." The traveler subsided and the conductor was left in peace.—Harper's Round Table.

## Each Man's Indebtedness.

Every man who knows more or thinks more deeply than another man with whom he comes into contact owes him a debt by virtue of that very fact. Of course, he needs patience, forbearance, and tact. He must not attempt the impossible, or expect any large returns for small outlays, but he is content to sow good seed as he finds opportunity, in conversation, in sympathy, in aid, in valuable hints, in lending or recommending books, sometimes, when it is welcome, in definite instruction.

If he be of a generous and sympathetic nature, he will soon find out what interests another, and, taking that as a basis, can often lead his mind to clearer and stronger thought and more accurate judgment.

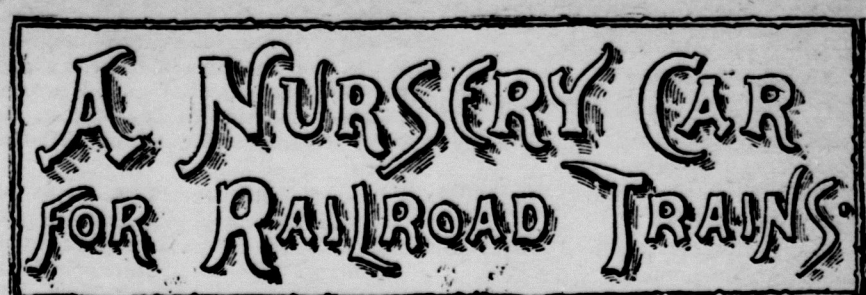
A Druid Relic.

The yule log in England is a relic of Druidism; its name is believed to be a corruption of the wheel log, a wheel in Druidical symbolism typifying the march of the sun. The lighting of the yule fire is reminiscent of the sacred fires kindled by the Druids in mid-winter at the round towers which yet remain in many parts of Great Britain, Ireland, France and Spain.

Teachers in Japan.

According to the official reports of the Japanese Government, the inland empire contains 65,520 teachers.

When a woman has a beau younger than she is, she bosses him unmercifully.



A NURSERY department has been devised for railroad trains, and it is to be hoped that soon all the great railroad systems of the country will be as luxuriously equipped for the comfort of babies as any millionaire's house in the land. For the new compartment is not only a cozy nook, padded, carpeted and curtained and cotted, but it is furnished with every possible appointment for baby comfort.

That this innovation will be hailed with delight by every traveler who has ever been annoyed by the crying of tired or frightened infants during a railway journey goes without saying. Even people of the soundest nerves find them severely tried by the incessant wails of the little travelers, while to the average human being these lugubrious sounds are a positive torture.

No matter how good-natured a child may be, it is almost sure to become cross when traveling, and it is as much for the comfort of the tots themselves as for the relief of their victims that a certain Brooklynite—doubtless a man of experience, well qualified for his task—has contrived this nursery annex to railroad trains. According to his design, the traveling nursery will take up about the same amount of space as the private stateroom which is found in all sleeping cars. There will be a saving of a space of several feet, however, as the wide seats on the sides of the stateroom below the berths are not needed in the nursery being replaced by ottomans and tiny easy chairs scat-



A RAILROAD CAR NURSERY.

tered over the floor. In this way any danger from sudden starts or sharp curves is obviated. As a further protection against injury to the little ones, the walls of the nursery are heavily padded and the floor thickly carpeted, so that bumps and bruises will be altogether avoided. At each end of the compartments and firmly secured, are two cozy cots in which the smaller children may lie and watch the games of the older ones. Each car containing the nursery attachment will carry a matron or nurse, who will be selected with special reference to her ability to amuse and care for her little charges, and she will have at hand supplies of milk, cookies and other edibles and drinkables dear to the infantile heart. She will also have charge of a medicine chest, containing a full assortment of the simpler remedies for childish ailments. A miniature toy shop is another adjunct of the traveling nursery, and it will contain everything from baby rattles to picture books and fairy tales. Nothing, in short, will be missing that would add to the comfort or amusement of the young travelers.

To no one is the adoption of the nursery compartment more welcome than to passenger conductors. This long-suffering class are often called upon to assume, temporarily, the place of nurse, parent or guardian, as the shipping of children from one part of the country to another has of late years become quite common.

"We have troubles enough," said a veteran conductor in discussing this latest improvement in passenger service, "without having a child or so on our minds all the time. My run is a very heavy one, and as I have been on this road a long time and know a great many people, I often have children placed in my charge by parents who are unable to accompany them. Besides, it has become a common practice for im-

migrants from Europe who have settled here to have their children follow them after a home has been prepared. All these youngsters have to be looked out for in transit by the conductors and brakemen, and you may believe that the responsibility is by no means a light one.

"Nobody understands children as women do," continued the old conductor, "and that is another reason why I am in favor of the nursery annex. The matron, having nothing else to do, can look after their childish wants, relieve their mothers of a lot of worry, and, when they haven't any mothers along, save the conductor from strong temptation to use bad language and the necessity for keeping himself posted in the latest styles of baby talk."

It is not intended that every sleeping or parlor car be provided with the nursery attachment. Large as is the number of children passing, it would be necessary to have but one such car in every through train running between the larger cities. The expense of equipment, matrons' wages, etc., would thus be kept down to a reasonable limit.

Although child travelers are numerous now, and the sending of them alone from one city to another is increasing each year, railroad officials who have examined plans for the new compartment anticipate an increase in business through their adoption. "As soon as parents learn that on certain routes comfortable provision has been made for their children," said one passenger agent, "they will naturally travel on

these in preference to less considerate lines, and persons whose peace has been disturbed by fretful youngsters will gladly avail themselves of a road which has the forethought and enterprise to protect its patrons from this source of annoyance."—Globe-Democrat.

## Bested the New-Yorker.

A New-Yorker in Minneapolis took a trip by trolley to St. Paul, and on the return received a transfer to the carline that passed his stopping-place, the West House. He stopped to make a small purchase before taking the car, and when he did so the conductor refused to receive his transfer, claiming that the time limit on it had expired. The New-Yorker loudly announced his determination to ride to the West House without further payment, and a lively discussion ensued. In the midst of it the car stopped to take on a passenger, the conductor glanced about, and then he called out "West House!" The New-Yorker, smiling complacently, got off the car. The conductor started the car, and then turned and grinned enigmatically at the New-Yorker. The latter was puzzled, but the mystery was explained when, not recognizing the locality, he asked a passer-by where the West House was. "Ten blocks further down the street," was the reply.

## Luther's Wedding Ring.

Luther's wedding ring was a most elaborate affair, containing representations of all the articles used at the crucifixion; the ladder, the cross, the rope, the nails, the hammer, the spear, the thorns, were all shown in the circumference of this peculiar piece of jewelry.

Every one is the object of somebody's suspicion, and should regulate his conduct with that thought in mind.



## A TALE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

There was a man in our town who thought himself wondrous wise. Said he, "What costly frumperies the average husband buys! Now I'll cut out all the 'Household Hints' and give them to my wife. And she'll furnish the house on nothing at all, you better bet your life!" So he bought some ancient newspaper files, and his wife got on her knees And began to manufacture things with elegance and ease.

She gathered a lot of barrel staves and made a window seat; She thought of a new canary cage and a hoopskirt was her meat; She painted old shoes with liquid gilt and hung them over the wall; She covered a keg with turkey red for a hatrack in the hall; She made some beautiful picture frames of her husband's cast-off socks, And built a table and sideboard out of an empty dry goods box.

She hung the coal scuttle over the door (twas lovely, so she said); She turned a hideous hen house into a handy folding bed; She cut new mander draperies out of old plaid undershirts; She made some parlor lambrequins of her husband's flannel shirts; She planted a palm in his old silk hat and tied up his cane with bows, And what she didn't finally do, the Lord He only knows!

The husband pined and pined away and sickly grew his soul. As he saw her making a standing lamp of a pitcher and curtain pole. And his step grew slow and his cheek grew wan as she hammered away with force, A-making a fancy Japanese screen of a rickety old clothes horse. One day she began on a chandelier, and then he went outside. And swallowed poison, cut his throat and shot himself and died.

—New York Press.

## THE QUEEN'S PARDON.

On the heights of Portland the December mists, still undispersed by sunrise, hung thick, obliterating all traces of the prison buildings from the roads, where several ships of the Channel Squadron lay at anchor, and also from the straggling row of houses at the base of the northwest slope. In the prison itself there was no light as yet save in the corridors, up and down which the ever-alert warders paced monotonously to and fro. In most of the cells the prisoners slept, tired out with the previous day's heaving of stone and unconvincing tasks; but in one the occupant, a man of 35, good-looking in spite of prison garb, close-cropped hair, and the ravages of toil and despair, lay on his bed awake.

A little more than ten years ago he had stood in the dock of a West of England city listening to a judge with a hard voice, though with kindly eyes, pronouncing sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude. All that an eloquent counsel could do had been done for him, but to no avail. The evidence seemed conclusively damning, and the foreman of the jury, after an absence of half an hour, answered "Guilty" to the usual question, with a ring of conviction in his voice. The judge's words to Thomas Harborne fell on deaf ears. He stood stupidly gazing at a young girl sitting at the back of the court in the company of a sweet-faced old lady, as though he saw nothing. At last a warder touched him on the shoulder, and the same instant a piteous cry of "O, Tom! Tom! They're going to take you away from me!" rang out in the court, over which the dusk of late afternoon was creeping, gradually blotting out the features of those who sat at all in shadow. The prisoner turned round as though about to say something to the judge on the bench, and then, led by the warder, he vanished down the dock stairs to the cells, to be known no longer as Thomas Harborne, but by various numbers; at Portland Convict Prison as "No. 27."

The sense of innocence brought him—contrary to all preconceived notions of writers of fiction—no need of satisfaction; it merely filled him with desperate wrath and blackest despair. In the early period of his solitary confinement he found himself confronted day in and day out with the crushing sense of the legions of hours, minutes, and seconds before he could hope to be a free man—if ever he were to be one again. By good conduct—against the very thought of which he at first rebelled, refusing to accept any boon at the hands of fate—he might reduce these years to two-thirds, maybe. What then? Millions of seconds, each one to him, a prisoner, an appreciable part of life; hundreds of thousands of leaden-footed minutes, each one filled with poignant despair, must pass ere the time of release drew near. At work, under the scorching sun or in the keen air of winter, in the quarries it was all the same. These hours and minutes became embodied in the person of the wardens and fellow-prisoners, in the presence of his chains. From a possibly dangerous man he became almost an inanimate machine, a mere cogwheel in the round of daily toil and prison discipline. At first he attacked the stone as though he were revenging his wrongs upon human flesh and blood, at last he tooled it with the unthinking regularity of an automaton. It takes a year or two to trample the human element out of a man of Harborne's type; but the effect of stone walls, silence, and brutalized companions, if slow, is none the less sure. Only in his case he became an automaton instead of an animal.

Through the long December night, while the mist enshrouded Portland and restricted the range of the lights at the Bill to half a mile or less, and whilst the sirens sounded from the light-house gallery almost continuously, answered faintly by others from vessels far out to sea, or booming harshly from others near at hand, Harborne lay awake reckoning the weeks, days, hours, and minutes which comprise the remaining two years of his term. He had but just dropped off into a half-sleeping condition when his cell door opened, and instead of the hard face of the warder came to tell him to tidy up he saw the Governor and chaplain, with the warder in the background.

What could it mean? He sprang up, rubbing his eyes, and almost before he knew what was happening the Governor had told him in a few words that he had received the Queen's pardon, and then proceeded to read the same. What did it all mean? No other thought germinated in his dull brain. Free! Free to go where he would! Free to walk out of the gaol gates. Never to return within the stone walls which had shut him in from the outside world, as surely as though no world other than that contained within them existed. The prison bell clanged, startling him into a state of wakefulness. The Governor had finished reading the official-looking paper, and with the conclusion of the formal part of his duty he added a few words of congratulation. Harborne seemed to have no comprehension of their meaning. He remained standing in the center of the narrow cell speechless. At last the chaplain made him understand the import of the document which had just been read over to him.

"Free! Free! It is impossible," he exclaimed, and then he threw himself on the bed in an agony of joy. The clanging of the bell afresh, the slamming of doors, the echoing of footsteps down the resounding corridors recalled him to a sense of his position. A warder entered with a suit of clothes. With trembling fingers he removed his prison garb; worn, soiled with weather and labor, and intolerable. The trousers felt chilly after the thick prison tight-fitting knickerbockers, and rough, thick, worsted stockings. The coat seemed to fit him nowhere. With one look around his cell, on the walls of which he had done innumerable calculations to keep himself from insanity bred by the terrible silence and sense of loneliness, "No. 27," now no longer a mere figure, a machine, but a human being, stepped into the corridor.

There was a breakfast for him such as he had not tasted for nine long years, but he had no appetite. The one idea now possessing his mind was home, escape whilst the Governor was willing for him to depart. He swallowed a few mouthfuls, drank a few gulps of cocoa, and then with the allowance money in his pocket hurried to the gateway.

He was free. Free to go wherever he liked. Free to start for home as fast as steam would carry him. Free to stretch out his arms to the placid gray-blue waters of Western Bay, now denuded of their mantle of fog and sparkling in the sunshine. Free to breathe the pure air uncontaminated by companions criminal and vicious. But the waters, the hillside, the lovely stretch of verdant country extended before his eyes had no charm for him save that they spelt freedom. Behind him lay the prison house, the flagstaff, from which no ensign of dread fluttered to tell of his escape. Before him lay freedom.

He rushed down the road, waving his arms with the reawakened instincts of a boy escaping from school, oblivious alike of the sympathetic gaze of women he passed and the half contemptuous remarks of the men. He dashed into the bleak, shabby little railway station, only to learn that there was no train for an hour. Already his limbs, unused to such riotous movement, and still feeling the lag of the chain, had begun to fail him, making the half-jocular suggestion of the solitary porter that he should "take a little exercise and walk to Weymouth" out of the question.

"I'll have to wait," was all he could think of to say.

"Don't time ain't altogether exhilaratin' nor strengthenin' work," the porter remarked.

Harborne nodded his head, yet longed to tell him that he was an innocent man. The porter, however, had vanished, to return in a few moments with a paper.

"Here, mate," he exclaimed with rough kindness. "You won't know all yesterday's news, I'll go bail."

Harborne seized the paper. No, he knew nothing of yesterday's news, nor of that of thousands of days which had once been yesterday. He could see nothing at first. The print swam in a confused jumble before his eyes. When his sight cleared he commenced to read. How strange it all was! He used to be a great reader before he became "No. 27." And now he seemed to know nothing of the world. New names confronted him everywhere. Names of those in authority, names of towns, names even of countries. Where was Mashonaland and Matabeland? He was confused. He read on. This delicious new-found turmoil of the world, how good it was after all.

At last his eye caught a small paragraph stowed away at the bottom of the third column on page six of the paper. He read it and reread it over and over again: "Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to pardon Thomas Harborne, who was convicted of forgery at the Westchester assizes some ten years ago and is now completing his sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude at Portland. Harborne will be released this morning. The step has been taken in consequence of the dying confession of a man at Bristol." Nothing more! Now he knew why he had been released. And so death had taken Edward Tilwell out of the hands of justice. It was hardly fair of death.

The porter came up whistling to tell him the train would start in ten minutes. He got up, thrust the paper into the man's hands, pointing to the paragraph.

"That's me."

"You Thomas Harborne?" exclaimed the man. "Then all I've got to say it's

hanged shame the Queen didn't send a coach-and-six for you. Let's have your hand, man, to wish you good luck. Got a missis? No? So much the better; poor soul, if you had it would have cut her up terrible."

"No," said Harborne, as though speaking to himself, "I was to have been married; but that's years ago now, and I'm an old man."

"Old?" interjected the porter, "you're no more than five-and-thirty, I'll go bail. You do look older, to be sure. But wait till you've been out a bit, you'll soon rub off them lines and look a bit more upish."

The engine at the end of a short train of carriages relegated to the Portland line after becoming too thoroughly out of date for even the Somerset and Dorset local service between Weymouth and Dorchester, gave a thin, wintry squeak, and Harborne, in a fever of apprehension lest it should start without him, tumbled into the first carriage that came handy, ticketless.

The porter came to the door. "You've got no ticket. Here, give me a shilling, and I'll get it for you. Book to Weymouth?"

"Yes," said Harborne, fumbling in his pocket for the money.

"Now, you're all right," the porter exclaimed, returning a couple of minutes later; "there's the ticket and the change. No, thanks; you'll want all you've got. Good-by, mate, and good-luck to you."

With a bump and a groan the train moved out of the station and ambled along the line running at the back of Shell Beach at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. Harborne was one of half a dozen passengers, but there was no one else in his compartment. He sat thinking of all that had happened. He had heard nothing of those at home for many months; they might all be dead. How would he have the courage to go to the door with this possibility? What would he do if Jane told him his mother was dead? He covered his face in his hands at the thought, and sobbed as only a strong man can sob in the corner of a carriage. With a great jerk the train pulled up at the station, and Harborne got out. His fellow travelers regarded him with curiosity because his friend the porter had told every one of them who he was when he examined their tickets, inveighing bitterly the while against the caustic humor of pardoning an innocent man.

Harborne noticed nothing of this. He inquired of a porter the next train on to the junction for Applebury, and then discovered that he was both hungry and faint for want of food. He went out into the slippery, muddy street at the back of the houses on the Parade and at length found a quiet little eating-house, where he was served with a meal by a girl, who had a pitying eye, after consulting with her superior in command. At 3 o'clock he was again on his way in his train, in the company this time of other fellow-creatures who one and all regarded him with a feeling akin to that with which they would have submitted to the company of a dangerous animal. Harborne noticed it after a time, and putting his hand to his head suddenly made the discovery that his hair was noticeably short. After this he realized that he was a marked man, and no longer wondered why the lady opposite drew her warm plaid dress away from his feet, and the other lady with two children asked as far from him as possible and sidled the guard to find her seats in another carriage at the next station. He was innocent, but how could he explain it to them? If they could but know what he had suffered surely they would weep. He hadn't the paper with him; even if he had perhaps they would not believe that he and Thomas Harborne mentioned in the paragraph were one and the same. Two men got in where the lady with the children got out. They each of them threw a glance, shrugged their shoulders, and then became immersed in their papers.

It was quite dark when Applebury was reached, and Harborne, luggageless, speedily passed out of the station without being recognized. There seemed little alteration in the place. Several of the shops—now gay with Christmas good and finery—in the main street now had large plate glass windows in place of more country-fied fronts, but were otherwise much as fifteen years ago. For a moment he stood confused, staring up and down the street, regarded by the passers-by with curiosity. Then he remembered that he would have to go along the street past the grocer's whose window projected a yard into the footpath, turn down the by-street, and then again turning take the road leading to his home.

In ten minutes he reached the garden gate. He had run part of the way, and now he could not make up his mind to go up the drive to the door. What if they were all dead? He grew sick at the very idea. There was a light in his mother's room, which was at the front of the house. What if she were ill—perhaps dying? At last his legs carried him up the drive, which swept round the little front lawn in a semi-circle. He heard the bell tinkle shrilly at the back of the house. The sound seemed like home. All at once he remembered how, years ago, he had banged it with a long-handled broom till it jangled against its fellows on either side.

The door opened. A flood of light streamed out on to the gravel. It was a strange face and the fact sent an icy shock to his heart. Far outside himself he heard a voice he did not recognize as his own asking if Dr. Harborne were in. A year seemed to pass before the servant said "No," adding, "Did you wish to see him particular?"

"Yes."

"He'll be in in half an hour."

"Is—is Mrs. Harborne in? Is she alive?" said the man at the door, throwing the words at her when once his tongue had consented to frame them.

"Why, lor bless me, yes! Come, none o' that!"

But it was no use. The man she had just noticed had suspiciously short hair

and a strange, wild-looking face had pushed past her, thrown open the sitting-room door, stumbled into it, and thrown his arms around a sweet-faced old lady, who rose in alarm at his sudden entrance.

"My son! my son!" rang out through the house. "Mother! mother!"

The girl stood rooted to the spot, then she ran to Jane, and the two of them came out into the passage. In the sitting-room with its pink-shaded lamp a woman was seated kissing every line in her son's face—every line that the long years had written. And he stroked the hair that still lay thick, though white, in a coil at the back of her head.

Suddenly the man started up. "Jess?" he asked, huskily.

Some one who had lain, half-stunned with joy, in a wicker chair well out of the range of the lamplight came into his vision.

"Jess!" he cried, folding her in his arms whilst the room swam round. "My Jess!"

"Tom!" came the answer.

"But I am old," said he; "so old."

"And I, also, with the sadness and loneliness of waiting. But now—now I am young again."

The voice of the elder woman broke the silence after a moment. "For this, my son, was dead and is alive again."

And they began to be merry.—London Black and White.

**Wizard with the Whip.**

An Austro-Hungarian, named Pisklug, has created a sensation in Vienna by his wonderful performances with a whip—some of which are described by the London Tit-Bits:

"The first thing he does is to take a long-lashed, stout-handled whip in each hand, and, with orchestral accompaniment, proceed to crack or snap them at a terrific rate. The sound made by his whips in this manner is graduated from a noise like a rifle report to the soft click of a billiard ball. It makes a curious sort of music, and serves to show how he can regulate the force of each stroke.

"More interest is evinced when he seizes a vicious-looking whip with an abnormally long lash. It is provided with a very heavy handle of medium length. This is his favorite toy, and what he can do with it is really wonderful. He first gives an idea of what fearful force may lie in a whip-lash in the hands of an expert.

"A large frame, over which is stretched a calf or sheep skin, is brought on the stage. This is marked with dots of red paint. The man with the whip steps up, and swinging the lash round his head lets fly at the calfskin. With every blow he actually pulls a piece out of the leather, leaving a clean-cut hole.

"These pieces are distributed among the audience to show that there is no trickery about the performance. After this he takes a frame with three shelves. On these there are a dozen or more of medium-sized apples lying very close together and provided with large numbers. Any one in the audience may designate which apple he wishes struck, and the unerring lash snatches it out like a flash.

"A still more difficult feat is the snapping of coins from a narrow-necked bottle. A piece of silver about the size of a half-crown is put over the cork of the bottle, which stands on the edge of a table. The whip artist, without appearing to take any sort of aim, sends the long lash whizzing through the air and picks off the coin without jarring the bottle, much less breaking it."

**Commercial Travelers' Home.**

The commercial travelers are great people. Not to appreciate the importance of their labors is to acknowledge one's ignorance of the methods of trade. They are the most intrepid nomads that are left on the earth. They live in sleeping-cars and hotels, brave the perils of the rail, the lunch counter, and the hotel bed; live single or apart from their families, endure all weathers and any company that offers—and all that the affinity between good goods and solvent buyers may be discerned and triumph. The attention paid to them during the late campaign attested their importance in the community. Great pains were taken, especially in Chicago, to equip them with sound fiscal and political sentiments, so that they might scatter good seed wherever they went. Their national organization is building a home at Binghamton, N. Y., for worthy indigent commercial travelers and their dependent families. It is to complete this building that the Commercial Travelers' Fair is being held in the Madison Square Garden. It began on the 15th and closes on the 28th, and through it the travelers aspire to raise \$150,000. It is a great fair, full of novel shows and managed by people of enterprise. No doubt it will meet with the success that it deserves.—Harper's Weekly.

**Prentice's Advice.**

Once when George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, was coming out of a public building in Louisville, he was about to pass through a double door which opened both ways. He started to push at the door on his right. A young man coming from the opposite direction was pushing at the same door, being his own left. Prentice lost patience, and throwing himself against the door, it flew open, and the young man went sprawling on the floor. Assisting the youth to rise, Prentice remarked: "Take my advice, my son, keep to the right in your way through life, and you'll never run against anybody but a blamed fool, and you needn't apologize to him."

**The Difference.**

"Professor Glacier's lecture lasted until midnight."

"That's the time mine usually commences."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A man who has a silk hat has as much to keep him busy as a woman who has a baby.



## A DESCENDANT OF WASHINGTON

MARY ANNE LEE, of Newport, Ky., who claims to be a lineal descendant of George Washington, is a beautiful girl, popular in Newport society, and the leading spirit in the Newport chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is the daughter of Col. George Washington, an eminent attorney of Kentucky, who is said to trace his descent directly back to the central figure of the revolution. Miss Lee presides over



MARY ANNE LEE.

the household of her father with grace and dignity. She is a sweet singer and takes a prominent part in all the musical affairs. She will some day be an heiress.

## How Two Girls Made Money.

"A country girl who is determined to go to Paris to study art is laying aside, for this purpose, each dollar she has earned," writes Ruth Ashmore, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "She found that there was no one else in the village who could make as good bread and biscuit as she; that those who had to buy complained of the baker's bread. She made no effort at sending her bread to a Woman's Exchange, as she knew that such places were overstocked, but she went through her own town—a very small one—and asked for orders. She is making money because there has never been a sad loaf of bread or a heavy biscuit sent out from her kitchen. She will supply a neighbor with hot biscuit at tea time, and she has learned to make dainty rusks, especially for invalids, who enjoy these light, sweet dainties. Her prices are reasonable.

"Another girl, ambitious to gain something, got her father to let her have a bit of ground, and to give her the money that he would otherwise have bestowed upon her for a wedding dress. With this she was able to buy plants and hire a boy to help her; and during the summer, while the boarding-houses around demanded them, she served the freshest of radishes, the crispest of lettuce, the earliest of corn, and the largest tomatoes; and she says now that she thinks she will double the size of her garden next summer."

## Cure for Weak Nerves.

The natural antidote for weak nerves is the healthy development of the muscles—that is, of the general muscular system, instead of special muscles only. This can only be done by active exercise in the open air, which thoroughly oxygenates the blood and wastes the muscular tissues, thus preparing them to be replenished from the food elements of the blood. This constant waste and rebuilding are vital processes that measure vitality and efficiency. When these go on healthfully nervousness is never present, except by some abrupt abuse of the digestive functions, some unwise drain of a vital fluid or some exhausting tension of the mind.—Chicago Chronicle.

## The Afternoon Nap.

The frequency with which medical men are asked whether it is harmful to indulge in the "afternoon nap" is not, perhaps, surprising, for several reasons. Most persons have had experience of the seductive charms of the somnolence which has followed the comfortable digestion of a midday or evening meal. The meal finished, the diner arranges himself comfortably in an armchair; it may be he lights a pipe or cigar, takes up a newspaper, and prepares to make the most of the restful conditions of his mind and body. But nature soon begins to assert her sway. In time, the eyelids close, the head begins to nod, the newspaper falls from the hands, the pipe, no longer supported in the mouth, falls to the floor, and the symptoms of a nap are complete. Whether the "winks" be forty or one hundred in number, the result is the same—a short, sound sleep. Then comes the question, Is it harmful thus to fall asleep after a meal? By no means; for the very obvious reason that the process is merely a physiological one, and as such, when it occurs, is quite natural. When digestion is in progress, nature has arranged that all the available blood in the body shall be collected in and about the di-

gestive organs. Consequently the blood supply to the brain falls to a low ebb, and thus sleep is easily induced. On the other hand, of course, physiologically, it is wrong for brain work to be attempted immediately after a solid meal.—Medical Press.

## Brave Jersey Woman.

It is not every woman who can be as brave and self-possessed in a trying emergency as was Mrs. Julia Heldingsfelt, of New Brunswick, N. J., recently. Shortly after midnight on Sunday morning Mrs. Heldingsfelt, who, with her husband, occupies a flat on the ground floor of an apartment house, was awakened by the opening of a kitchen window. Instead of quaking with fear and arousing her husband, the young woman got out of bed and went to the kitchen. There she saw a burglar climbing in through the window. Mrs. Heldingsfelt promptly caught up a very feminine weapon, an ironing board, and fell to. She brought the slab heavily down upon the man's head. He grappled with the plucky woman, but she pushed him out of the window, secured the shutters and returned to bed. She did not take the trouble to notify the police.

## Caprices of Dame Fashion.

Full waists of chiffon are seen at the theaters. Red still promises to be the favorite color of the coming spring. Persian lamb coats are frequently belted in with bands of mock jewels. Many of the sleeves for evening gowns are very short—a mere puff or butterfly bow. Buckles six inches wide, and bent to fit the figure, are used for the backs of ribbon belts. A gorgeous hat pin is often the only touch of color on the fashionable chapeau of the season.

## Marriage in England.

One of the surprising things to American women in England is the number of English women who marry men from five to twenty years younger than themselves. The action of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in taking so young a husband as Mr. Bartlett is by no means uncommon in all grades of English society, and a bit of a shock to the romantic-minded American, who prefers to let her husband have quite the advantage of her in point of years at least.

## Goes on the 8 a. m.

Mrs. "Jack" Bloodgood, of New York, has decided to become an actress, and has positively secured an engagement. Mrs. Bloodgood is young, beautiful, spirited and a favorite in society. Mrs. Bloodgood, who may be a great star some day, was Miss Clara Stephens, granddaughter of Anna Stephens, the author. At 17 she married William Havemayer. It was a runaway match.



MRS. JOHN BLOODGOOD.

and the usual divorce followed. Then she married John K. Bloodgood, son of the Wall Street man. Bloodgood, senior, died last August and left nothing. The young Bloodgoods were therefore forced to shift for themselves, and as young Mrs. "Jack" was convinced she could succeed on the stage, she applied to Mr. Frohman, who decided to give her a trial.

## What the Study of the Hands Tells.

Palmsists say that long fingers are a sign of refinement. A short, stubby hand argues a lack of sensibility; a thin thumb, rather small, denotes weakness. Strength of character is shown by the thumb asserting itself over the other fingers. If the thumb curves backward its owner is obstinate.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Two of Them.

Willie Slimson—I put a pin in the teacher's chair this morning, and he was wild. Bobby Smiten—Well, he won't sit down in such a hurry again. Willie Slimson—No; neither will I.—Pearson's Weekly.

## News for the Children.

The most advanced food authorities urge now to serve the breakfast cereal, particularly to the children of the family, with chopped dates or figs mixed with it instead of sugar and cream.



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South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

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